

THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER,

Translated from the GREEK into Blank Verse.

WITH
NOTES

Pointing out the peculiar Beauties of the Original,
and the Imitations of it by succeeding Poets.

With Remarks on Mr. Pope's stained Verses.

Being a SPECIMEN of the Whole, as it is to follow.

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Translated from the Greek by

W. G. Smith

THE

Printing out the peculiar beauties of the original
and the limitations of its translation.

W. G. Smith

D. O. M.

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By the Rev. G. M. Smith

Printed by G. M. Smith



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P R E F A C E.

CANDID READER!

NOTWITHSTANDING *Pope's* version in *rhyme* has so long obtained in the opinion of *the many* (as very entertaining to mere *English* readers, unacquainted with the majestic original), yet I humbly submit it to every judicious person competently versed in the *Greek*, whether *any* book after all can be said at this day to want more a faithful version in *English*, than that standard of mere human excellence in writing, *Homer*. I flatter myself therefore, it will not be construed so presumptuous an undertaking in me (as at first sight it may well appear) to offer a *New Version* of the *Iliad*. Sure it is no treason in *Parnassus* (as meant for the honour of *Homer*, to make him still more obviously known) to make a model in *English metal* of this idol of gold (the *Iliad*) in inferior brass (if you will not allow it to be silver, the *Latin* having a better title to that), which notwithstanding, if truly cast, and of a faithful impression, ought to be received as of lawful stamp, as being the image of a royal medal of inestimable value. Or, if I may thus represent *Homer* in figure, by a proverb of the ancients from his own works, which, in propriety of the letter, would suit better the *Odysssey*, I am stood up to draw this bow of *Ulysses*, amidst the crowd of archers of almost all nations and tongues, that have been aiming at the mark, and though few have so grossly pointed as to miss the butt, yet none in *English*, by what I can understand, can be said to have hit the white. Methinks I hear every confident candidate venting to himself something like the following soliloquy: "I appeal to *Cæsar*." And let the king (*Apollo*, or his deputy lawfully

lawfully commissioned) assign the honourary prize, a *sprig of laurel*, to *that archer only* who *hits the mark*, and not to any *random shot*, only less wide than his *blind brother marksman*. The *Iliad* is like an imaginary *gold apple*, hanging in the air, *self-balanced*, and in *constant motion*, and somewhat *involved in clouds*, shewing the *difficulty* of the work, with an *inscription* all round it, *Let it be given to the fairest version*, which has been productive, and is likely still to be so, of as many *poetical quarrels*, as the celebrated *gold apple of old* that fell to the lot of *Venus*, and occasioned so much contention among the *rival Goddesses*. But to pursue the *metaphor* of the *bow*: even *Pope*, with reverence be it said, who seems to have come the nearest, has *shot somewhat wide of the mark*; I will not suggest for want of *strength* to draw the bow to its full stretch, nor through a hand by nature unsteady (for in his *own works* he is confessedly one of the *correctest* of our bards), but rather I attribute it to a *wandering eye*, in not taking at first an exact aim, for want of a *stedfast direct look* at the mark; but, on the contrary, in the course of his exercise, often looking off it, and *twinkling* as it were when he drew his bow; which might well make his arrows (*of version*) fly wide and vague. But I will now *drop the metaphor* (having harped too long on the same *string*), already seeing a *thousand arrows* ready to *whiz* at this palpable mark, this *butt* of my *new version*, from the *watch-tower* of the frowning *lynx-eyed Aristarch*, confederated in their *monthly sittings*, as sworn by office to *let fly* at *whatever quarry* springs up in their way. Whether their *censorial* authority is usurped, or confirmed by *patent*, as they are now in possession, is in vain to inquire. So that I must *cry them mercy* before I am *formally arraigned* at their *bar*; and as I voluntarily surrender myself against my approaching *trial*, expect the *final issue* of the *court* in the regular proceedings of *justice*. Like other *supposed criminals* in hold, I am allowed to plead *not guilty* (as no doubt I do), and leave the *bench* to make the best of what evidence shall appear against me from my own words in writing
to

P R E F A C E.

to be produced; waiting to be honourably acquitted, or legally convicted. I will here suppose them in an honourable sense a regular *court of equity* (though the word *justice* implies it in strictness) with an *impartial jury*, no *packed* one with sinister ends and warped minds, and inclinable to temper the execution of *justice* with *mercy*. Otherwise I *deny their authority*, as not of *Phæbus*; I have my just exceptions; I will *not abide* by their *sentence*. But why should I surmise evil? There is a proclamation, from whence there is *no appeal*, that “*magistrates are not a terror to good works, but to the evil; so that if a man does good, he shall have even praise of the same.*” Therefore, if this rule holds in the *poetic court of justice*, on the *best supposition*, there is room yet to *hope*; and, as *Horace* says, *Nil desperandum, Teucro duce*, (altering it to *Phæbo duce*), nothing is to be despaired of, provided *Phæbus* has been *my guide*, and intitled me to begin, and will continue to prosper me to the end. When a *caitif* is *cast*, he has still hopes of a *reprieve*, and sometimes obtains his pardon on his promise of offending against the laws no more. Should my *trial* prove thus *desperate* against me, and that no *higher court* remains to be *appealed* to (a point I will not yet give up, as clear about), I know my destiny, and what future measures will be then expected of me, as a respectful *obedient silence*, and a state of *quiescence* with respect to *pen, ink, and paper*. But I will not yet subscribe to that. I *demur* upon it. Perhaps a *second trial* may be allowed on my fresh drawing up the case, and *amending the bill*. At the worst, I am not formally obliged to abjure *reading* an author I am supposed at present to have in part *butchered*, though I am virtually forbid offering his mangled members to the public by any future similar stab-giving versions, as a double impiety to his offended manes. But I am not yet sunk with such secret misgivings; I am not terrified into despair by what has been already done, and can appeal at last to *time* the test of all things, according to the admirable *Pindar*:

αἰμέραι δ' ἐπίλοιποι
μήδ' οὐρες σοφάταλοι.

Ol. Od. i.

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But future days are (length of time constitutes) the wisest (soundest) evidence. Like another Phaëton (for I am not yet commanded silence), I am provoked to prove my presumed lineage from Phæbus, amidst this long dearth of genuine Parnassians (to exert at large, exhibiting to the public eye, those poetical faculties that have now slumbered so long in my own bosom, and are at last fully waked to undergo this fiery trial), ambitious to mount this imperial high-flying chariot of Homer (the fabulous car of Phæbus, the God of verse, or rather his true chariot), and to try my skill in guiding the reins in this already-harnessed thundering vehicle; the fashion whereof is so beautiful, for the body thereof is the purest gold, and the running wheels are of everlasting adamant; where (to pursue the figure) I am to bring this pompous car as near earth, as its fixed course already determined admonishes me; and if I fall in this airy tour, through a groveling low-born (gravitating) principle, through want of ability and skill to rattle it swimmingly along the firmament; or, if I fly too high (impossible in strictness, but in fancied excursions of my own), leaving the middle path, and suffer the coursers of Phæbus to gallop me out of breath, and overturn me, for want of commanding the reins, like the ambitious Phaëton I represent; by either extreme, I precipitate my own ruin, as a translator; at the same time it must be acknowledged, it is some praise to have dared nobly, and that the fall from such an height therefore was glorious.

But I descend (courteous reader) from this high-flown metaphor (charioting my pen in the clouds, vain clouds you will say of my own fancy), and stoop from my lofty allegorizing (I fear tedious) humbly to walk the earth in familiar phraseology, in plain English. I will now confess frankly (what I might as well before have made my exordium); that I was prompted to this arduous task by an irresistible impulse (stifled for many years, like a smothered fire that would break out at last) even out of veneration to Homer; hoping I could at least give a faithful version (the first thing needful in a translator),
though

though conscious, as I must be, I could never do that justice I could wish, but which I was determined to endeavour with all my might, to an author infinitely *above* all other *beaten* writers revered. To speak out, my Zeal burned within me, and provoked me at last to *launch out* into the *turbulent ocean* of the *press*, after I had for many years *silently marked* with indignation the *unbounded licences* so shamefully taken in my *predecessor's version* (*paraphrase* rather) so notoriously deviating from his great original, and yet too blindly admired among the best polished gentry; whose education, one would imagine, should enable them to judge better, on supposition they have improved the *school-stock* laid up in their youth; for, if they have not continued trading in *Greek*, they must soon have forgot the little of *Homer* they gleaned at *school*. Peace therefore to the *monitory Pedagogues!* if when out of *their reach*, they all at once renounced their *Greek trammels*. And as for the *fair sex*, I pardon *their* present *prejudices*, and honest zeal in a *mistaken cause* in favour of my *predecessor*; for though *they* (as indeed most of the *males* now-a-days) are sufficiently *Frenchified*, yet they are not supposed to *know the Greek* (it being not the fashion in this unmanly age to be thus *Grecianized*); and who will therefore persist I fear obstinate *zealots* of the *Popian* party even for the very *rhyme's sake*, and adhere *for a time at least* sticklers for *his version*; as taking it for granted it is *just* to the *original*; which *complaisant* opinion, taken up at first without due grounds, and since superstitiously fostered, is, I have long suspected, the *true cause* of its being so graciously *received to this day*. In brief, what little *Greek* we get at *school* soon dies with the many, when *youth* are let loose after having been long *imprisoned* at *school* like *birds in cages*; where mostly ever after they are suffered to *whistle their own notes*; now they are no longer in custody to be *made to sing* as they ought, and are *able to sing* (there being no *phœnixes* to be expected now-a-days, where liberal *nature gratis* supplies the want of *schools and universities*, as was our great *Shakespear* in a sphere alone by himself; as

Milton admirably says of him, *but sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child, warbles his native wood-notes wild*). It is true, our great schools, Eton, Winchester, and Westminster (put for all the rest worth notice) would fain lure them back, or wish at least the *hopeful* would continue *jingling their bells* in their old walks to Parnassus; or at least keep their hands in, by *ringing Homer's* (*reading and reciting his verses*, which run through all the *changes*, and make the most musical *peals*). But our *alma maters* (our *worshipful mothers* so late) call out in vain; we have left our nests, and may now with *impunity chirp our own wild notes*, or be wholly *mute*. Their lessons are now as absolutely forgot, as the transient smart of the *virga ferrea flagellifera* (the *tail-flogging iron rod*), was despised even under correction by the hardened *thick-fleshed dunce*. But still more home to our purpose; those who are brought up to *learned professions*, seldom after they leave the *Universities*, where they are differently *trained*, and mostly supposed to bring with them a competency of *Latin and Greek* (often far from being the case), notwithstanding indeed they are often *fatherly* and warmly *admonished*, to make a progress in *classical learning*, though wisely directed to be *chiefly versed* in, as *designed* for, more *solid and profitable studies*; even *these hopefuls* seldom are found, especially if settled in the country, to *refresh their memories* with *Homer*; and the *Greek tongue*, like the *violin*, so poor an instrument in *Plebeian* hands, seems very *crabbed*, and is really *difficult* to idle or tasteless *tyros* (a task insuperable to such) as the *violin*, to which we resemble it, will never be *mastered* without *inbred genius* in the performer gifted by *Phæbus* to reveal its *hidden powers*, to shew its *whole force*, assisted by the *best rules of culture*, and perfected at last by his own *unwearied practice*. *Homer's Iliad*, is like *old Troy*, so great a part of its *subject*; it will not be *conquered* under a *ten year's* close siege in the *man of books*, so as to be *thoroughly compassed*, critically understood. This is the *true* reason, *our age*, like the rest before us, *swarms* with *warm crowing Virgilians*, but with *few*, and those often

often *luke-warm*, *Homer's-men*. Truly *Homer* may be said to spit such out of his mouth, and needs only his own trumpet to praise him. But the cause of this mistake is pitiable; *ignorance*, *ignorance* lies at the root of all this, *ignorance* of the beauties of the Greek tongue. We have mostly forgot the *Rudiments* we learned at school (as before lamented), and are ashamed of being taught when grown men, or are too supine to recover what we once were in the way of rightly knowing; and we are still less disposed, honest *Cato-like*, to hammer at Greek in our old age. If this were not the case, we should soon see *Pindar*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, at present as it were appropriated to our despised *Pedagogues*, as if they foddered their minds on barren old rubbish, fit only for worms in their mistaken judgments, more honourably disposed in the hands of the gallant gentry the most brilliant of the age; which would effectually wean them from surfeiting their green minds with modern trash play-books, half-digested verses, and the like trifles; our *Shakespeare* and *Milton* ever, and some others, excepted, to the honour of our genius-bearing nation, who by their masterly performances might have lived two thousand years ago.

And here, let me insert, that the gentry (far from excluding the fair sex, who often discover a superior taste for polite literature in proportion to their different education) are the readers I would most covet, and intreat to be my unprejudiced judges, being the last persons I would offend, who mostly by an inborn discernment are better qualified to applaud or condemn than mere scholastics, the paltry tribe of *Pedants*, who often know more of languages, as consisting of such and such words, but as commonly, *parrot-like*, want the *usque*, the *acumen*, or *taste* to comprehend the true meaning and spirit of an author. The better polished larger-souled gentry have not only more liberal principles by their birth and education (uniting the advantage of good company to that of books), but mostly are blest with better heads than these, meaning such as have had indeed the assistance of school learning, but

were

were never designed by nature to edify properly from the study of the politer arts. How did *learning dazzle* in the great *Julius*, the *first Cæsar*, with a tenfold glory, like a *torch blazing* on the *watch tower* of *Pharos*; and in *Alexander the Great*, whose *ambition* in that respect may insinuate he *preferred* it to the *empire of the world*, when in a noble, but selfish, *transport of zeal* he was *disgusted* at *Aristotle*, for making some of his favourite *mysteries* of knowledge *public*? And trust me, to this day, *learning* fits with *infinite grace* on the *brow of majesty*, when it enlightens a *royal breast*, and gives *apt elocution* to the *tongue*; and in *proportion* it decorates a monarch's *first subjects* of the highest rank and eminence, giving thereby a *speaking presence* to the *countenance* of such whose *minds* are thus *innobled*, sparkling particularly in their *eyes* in exalted and edifying *conversation*, reflecting only the *brighter light* within that thus palpably overspreads the *truly dignified human soul*. Excuse this digression; to the praise of our many *illustrious learned worthies*, and for a *spur* to promote a *general thirst* after knowledge. To proceed:

Now I would fain persuade myself the *great Pope* was insensibly led into the immense liberties he has taken, not by *adhering slavishly* to the *letter* (which he seems *mostly* to have *disregarded*), but by a servile, avaricious attention to *accumulate* plausible *chiming rhymes* (a sure bait for *monkish ears* in *epic verse*), as wholly building on his supposed *infallibility* in *poetical affairs*, as having so long *sole*, without a *colleague*, exercised a *dictatorial power*, *absolutely uncontrolled* (for as a great King, *Nebuchadnezzar* like, "*whom he would be slew, and whom he would be kept alive,*" as witness his occasional *panegyric* interspersed in his *Epistles*, and his *at large excommunication-thundering-forth Dunciad*), so that *none* could sit in *Parnassus*, but as *he pleased*; now we are far from disputing his *critical talents*, wherein he greatly excelled, in judging of *others* (when *himself* was *not a party*). But it ought still to be weighed, such *Turkish executions* as the bloody *Dunciad* exhibits (*strangling every*

every thing in its *birth*) in the administering of *justice*, may well be supposed to have had *one* bad effect, the *detering* for ever the easily brow-beat *modest candidate* from attempting to enter the borders of *Parnassus*, free to *all duly called*, when such a barking *foul-mouthed Cerberus* kept the gates: But so it turned out (as *fuis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit*, *Rome tumbled at last crushed by its own weight*), that my predecessors being exalted so high, and affecting to scale the very *pinacle* of *Parnassus* (where he might have stood *Mercury-like* in a *statue* still in triumph, had not his *brain* turned giddy with attempting the airy *height*), fell down from his own proper *altitude* when he published his *riotous version* of *Homer*. Though the jingle of his *rhyme* might conduce to mislead him from the plain track before him (his *ear* being *surfeited*, and his *judgment* at length vitiated by an eternal attention to well marry couplets), which I have supposed above for candour's sake, as being loth to impute it to a less pardonable cause, as in *another* it would be interpreted *ignorance* of the *original*, *want of taste* to see the *beauties* of the *Greek*, and *skill to imitate them in English*, where the idiom of our tongue will bear; yet it is glaringly apparent from some of his notes less guarded (very judicious where himself is not concerned as a party), wherein he *transposes similes*, and offers emendations (because our times truly are more delicate), that he transgressed against *Homer* with his eyes open in a selfish vanity in an *itch of modernizing* (as if, because we live under the *sun* of the *gospel*, therefore *all nations* in *old times* were in a *night of impenetrable ignorance* and *natural darkness*, for we are not speaking of *moral darkness*, *the times of such ignorance* being mercifully winked at). If *pack-horse* like (as he says of himself truly in a *moral light*), he had jingled his bells to the last, though he might have fallen short of his former self, through natural infirmity, no reason can be suggested to justify his *rhyme's* misleading him from the *light* of *Homer's text* before him, at a time his faculties were in their full vigour. Why did he not follow that light? But he shut his eyes

against it, choosing rather to follow the *ignis fatuus*, kindled from the fogs of his *brain*, which would of course leave him at last to *stumble on in his own darkness*. This absurd principle of vain conceit, engendered of pride, is what misled our wandering benighted predecessor (*otherwise* a judicious and most correct writer, and whom I would rather *magnify* than *depreciate*) blowing him up with hopes of improving his author, the never to be paralleled and truly venerable *Homer*, by the *tinsel equipage* of *modern dress*. As if one would *help* the lustre of a *large diamond* of the first water by covering it over with *leaf-silver*, or give *Phæbus* a lift in his *flaming gold chariot* at *noon-day* by *half a dozen lighted torches*. He should have *rubed* the diamond to have caused it to shoot forth its sparkles more briskly, and have *cast* forth the *beam* from his *eye* that made him *see the sun* (of *Homer*) *so dimly*, though, in reality, *he was blazing* in his *meridian glory*. “*My heart* therefore “*was hot within me, and while I was thus musing, the fire kindled, and at the last*” I broke forth with my pen. Reader excuse my zeal, which I fear has too far transported me; I speak out in very honesty in a steadfast principle to *Homer*, whom I cannot endure to see *tricked* up with imaginary *peacock* feathers, when his *own plumes* are *beyond all others*, of an original glory and lustre, not to be counterfeited or mistaken for any other, and infinitely more becoming. I have confessed this *supposed treason*, not issuing from *natural gall*, but a certain *old-fashioned zeal*; and now I expect of course the *tide* to run high against me, and that the *billows* of the *Popian party* will dash in *huge mountains* against my naked *version*, like a *weather-beaten bark* floating in a wide and tempestuous sea. I have put forth, *launched*, as I may say, in a *storm*; and a *million* to one, if I reach without *infinite perils* the *desired haven*. I care not yet, if I can but *escape ship-wreck*. I must be ingenuous enough to confess my *vessel* is *not insured*; I stand all on my *own bottom*, to *sink* or *swim* as my *destiny* chances. At the worst, I can throw all the blame on my *stars* (in the old superstitious phrase), and lament

no better happened to govern at my *birth*. And now, tender-hearted critics, to your pillage! But to proceed:

Now to enter in good earnest on the subject (if I can but restrain my zeal, more cool after this involuntary overflowing, though "*it is good always to be zealously affected in a good thing*"). I will be bold to pronounce peremptorily, even to imagine a device *how to mend Homer*, and think to succeed, in the very *intention is madness* in a *translator*; it is a sort of *virtual blasphemy* (if we may so speak), and the foulest *treason* against *Phæbus* that *speaks in him*, the unparalleled *Homer*, who has ever been esteemed through all ages from his first appearance the most universal genius that has ever yet shone out to the world, having been praised justly down to these times with an excess almost reaching idolatry. Therefore is it some have, vainly indeed through a misguided zeal, attributed his *Iliad* to the *wisest of men Solomon*; but I *wave* such *idle dream*. I should be proud to be ranked amongst his warmest admirers, nor am I ashamed to own I reverence the truly venerable bard for his works sake; and for their genuine worth and native sublimity hold his *Iliad* in particular, *infinitely superior* to all *uninspired writings* whatsoever. It is an *old* observation he comes nearest in *unaffected majesty of style* to the *holy Scriptures*, writing with a *sacred vehemence* (with *reverence*, if I may so speak) as one of the *old prophets*. From which I would only insinuate (for I mean not to write *studied eulogiums* on old *Homer*, for who needs to praise the *sun*? though none can feel his rays without sometimes bursting forth in grateful exclamation), that as all the learned hold *Homer's text* as it were *sacred* in itself, so the *nearer* he is translated to his *own* sense and phraseology (allowance being reasonably made for the defects of a language so much inferior to his own), the nearer will such *translation*, I dare avouch it, *resemble* the beauties of the *original*. I suspect strongly *most books* will bear a more *literal* version than most *men of learning*, but not gifted equally with *taste*, seem to me to have been aware of, and yet be not the less

spirited or beautiful in such translation. I will here suppose an author *worthy* to be styled an *original* and of such *close imitation*, as *Homer* is confessedly so more than any other; and I would include a *competent knowledge*, in the *translator* of *both tongues* in question, of that he translates from, with that of his mother tongue he translates into. *Learning* and *judgment* (indefinite terms, which may be construed to include all) are generally held sufficient qualities to turn out an *able* translator; but I suggest *two indispensable requisites* often overlooked, and too commonly found wanting (if one is to judge by the performances) as (first); an happy *delicacy of taste*, to discern what constitutes the *characteristic beauties* in the *original* (meaning hereby the *same qualities* that discovers almost at first sight the genuine *master strokes* in a *picture* of *Raphael* that determines it *his*, as every man in real life has an air of his own peculiar to himself), and to this taste I add a *felicity of ear*, or a true *musical ear* perfected by *close study* and *long practice* in *poetical affairs* by reading *only* the best authors (for *evil communications will corrupt good manners*), and turning over *Homer* by *night and by day*, as the great *magazine*, from whence critics have borrowed all their artillery; and by *this natural gift* thus perfected, as a means, the penetrating soul of one of true *poetic taste* may be said to feed on the *delectable sounds* of *Homer's harmonious verses*, and relish feelingly their aptitudes to the several subjects, varied all along with such infinite art, yet so nicely concealed as to appear pure nature. *This talent*, it is true, must be *born* with us, though improveable by art and study, and is essential to constitute a *thorough translator*; it may be said to be in some respect congenial to what we see in some *originals* in the ludicrous way, who are *gifted* by a *particular ear* and *ample organs of utterance* answerable, to *imitate* an endless variety of sounds peculiar to *brute or human animals*, which however whimsical and trifling in itself, all the rules in *music* can never teach. Now the *same talent* in the *writing way* is necessary to build, what, humanly speaking, we may denominate, a *perfect translator*;

translator; the original's air and manner being to be *taken off*, or *imitated* with all possible exactness so as to deceive us if possible, that, if the *author* had wrote in *our* tongue and time, he might be supposed to have the very *same air* or *style* of *writing*. But, "*Who is sufficient for these things?*" Right; none. What then? he who comes nearest carries the day. But I have forgot a material quality, a *genius similar* to the *author* we *translate*; the complexion should be the same, though the humours are infinitely happier mixed in one than the other. There should be what we call a *family likeness*. This perhaps is the *first thing needful* (a knowledge of the tongues being supposed of course), which can never fail of rendering the task, however arduous, pleasant to the *translator*, and is most likely to enable him to transfuse the spirit of the original into his work, whereby he will also delight his *reader*. As to *myself*, here I am *wholly silent*. As to my *predecessor*, I only observe, had *he* been of *Homer*, he would have paid more regard to the words of *Homer*; but *he* went out from him, by departing from his text, and so is none of his.

There is that *plain sublime* in *Homer* (excelled only in *holy Scripture*) that is perfectly lost in *rhyme*, which I admire *Pope's* critical sagacity did not discover to him after a small trial, or rather foresee at first sight, as too *effeminate* to imitate the majestic *Iliad*. It is more wonderful still, that he seems not to have been aware the *spirit* of the original (*Homer's* proper self) must necessarily *evaporate* in the *beggarly glare* of *gilded words* foreign to the *sterling text* (which truly it had done equally in *blank verse* thus managed), that could at best but *loosely paraphrase* the much injured misrepresented *Iliad*, and give all readers of *learning* and *taste* an indelible *disgust* by almost always omitting very material *epithets* characteristic of the *Gods* or *Heroes* peculiar merits. I have therefore already in very zeal testified my just indignation against such latitude of version. It is *this* properly, and not his unmanly rhyme alone (for *rhyme* was then all the fashion, as now, and was

his talent particularly, whose characteristic is *smooth verse, correctness and conciseness*, with *not a jot of Homer's mounting spirit*, though he wanted not a *fiery spirit to flame out in satire*). It is *this* properly, his being so rank a *Latitudinarian*, that rouses my choler in soul-felt zeal for an old author I only not idolize, and has given birth to this bold attempt, a *New Translation in Blank Verse* after *Pope* in defiance of open-mouthed prejudice, and his rhyme-bewitched party. I act on true principle in steady loyalty to *Homer*, though my predecessor should still carry the day. Truly he sits in the *house*, and they are engaged his already. Though I thus speak, I would not hereby *rob* him of a *mite* of his *due*; he *deserves* a place in his own *Temple of Fame*. I am but too sensible of the *harmony* of his *numbers*, which are only *too* *incanting* to *young ears* unacquainted with the full-sounding nervous original, to lead the bulk of gentlemen and lady readers to a wrong idea of the excellence of *Homer*, as he has smothered all he could the native majesty of the *Iliad* by ostentatious *daub colouring*.

It is *this* inflames my chagrin, and *constrains* me to declare thus confidently, *which party I lean to*, when *Homer* and *he* are thus at variance. Therefore *not to shipwreck my vessel on the same rock with him who threw away his ballast*, that *his* might float more gallantly at *open sea*, though he soon struck upon the sands for want of steering his vessel by the *light* of *Homer's text* (for I have mostly preferred *rhyme* myself in my private manuscripts, as eligible in inferior subjects), I have chose *blank verse* after the example of the great *Milton*, another *Homer in Spirit* (on whom I think rests indeed *the spirit of old Homer*), *disdaining* rhyme for the obvious reasons himself has given in his *Preface to Paradise Lost* (to which I refer the reader), which breathes very much of the spirit and genius of *Homer himself*. It is happy for all, *Milton* has afforded such illustrious authority, and led the way for our imitation, *blank verse* being in all respects *eligible* in *epic*, especially to resemble *Homer's Epic*; that, were there no other reason for it, I should
here

here prefer it, as it better enables me to present a *faithful translation* (though I should think the *sense* of any book might be religiously preserved *pure in rhyme* in the hands of an honest translator of competent abilities, not conceited of his own trash, but just to his author); as most confident the *closer* we *adhere* to *Homer's text*, imitating as near as possible his phraseology, for as the genius of our language will admit, the nearer (as before observed) will a translation approach the original's excellency and characteristic marks, and consequently insure itself the approbation of all judicious unprejudiced readers. I freely confess, if such an attempt fail, impartially and candidly judged, it argues only *inability* in the *translator* (not that the thing is in itself impracticable), and the *reader is free to apply this* with respect to the *work before him*. I do not pretend to be *wiser above what is written* in the original that acknowledged master-piece, nor to offer to the public ('twere a base injury to *Homer's manes*) any spurious thoughts or amendments of my own after the example of my predecessor translators. I have seen only *Pope's* version of the *Iliad*; but from his *notes*, as a sound critic, make no scruple to believe *Chapman's*, *Hobbes's*, and *Ogilby's* performances not worth reading, having indeed never heard them elsewhere spoken of, or cited as deserving notice by any one. By the way, I have purposely avoided seeing or hearing of any version of *Homer* ever since I projected (what I kept long a secret from all) a new one myself, which was after I had observed with amazement *Pope's*, on comparison, to be so very unlike the original, chiefly through its licentiousness, so that I *soon closed his book*, which I never opened after to peruse till I had *finished the whole Iliad*; that I might not be tempted to *deviate* from the *text* (which mostly presents *one* sure unerring light to walk by) by having my eyes dazzled with his gilded glare of pompous rhyming, and while I was in search of *gold* pick up by mistake his *splendid counters*. But I must not forget to add, I have seen *Dryden's* version of the *first book* (*Dryden!* that *great neglected genius* of his age, who wore the

the *bags* indeed, but wanted the more substantial enlivening cordial of the *purse*, filling other mens mouths, while he lived in the *sun-shine* of empty praise). His performance must be acknowledged to be, as *Pope* testifies of his *Virgil*, a *spirited translation*; it has *bold colouring* never wanting in *Dryden's* hands; but (to be no further particular) is not always faithful to the masterly *original*. But my subject leads me to say no more of that *next* in excellence to our *first three worthies* *Shakespear*, *Spencer*, and *Milton*. To return; Truly I am of *Pope's* own opinion (see his *Preface*) what I have above hinted, that a *translator* should consult *Homer* from his *own text only*, rather than from *any commentator* whatsoever; for, in fact, all such supposed guides generally hold out a *twinkling torch* that casts a *doubtful light*, being wholly *unnecessary* in *plain paths*, and in *obscure* places serving only to *eclipse* an *author* by *shading* what *lights* he *does* yield, which *blind direction* tends only more to *puzzle* a *translator*, unless he has a *steady judgment* of his own, and sits down *at first determined*, after all consultations, to be *directed* only by the *original* where it is possible to *ascertain* its meaning. And the above recommended method of consulting the *text itself*, I trust I have manifested I have adhered to (allowance made for all disputable obscure passages) with the most unbiaſſed fidelity.

I have been often tempted to think from the *translations* in general of the *classics* among us (I speak not of verbal *prose translations* out the question, for the *use of schools*), that *very few* of the authors seem to me to have adequately *valued* (for I dare not suggest they did *not critically* understand the *Greek* or *Latin*) the *graces* of the *originals*, as they insinuate by the very attempt; otherwise how comes it they have almost all occasionally dared to *omit* so many *master-strokes* in the *originals* they have *disfigured* with so many *supernumerary licentious traces* of their own? It were endless to be particular to mark them out, and it is invidious to dwell longer on the subject. You will say perhaps in
charity

charity upon this point, which I have already touched, and must a little longer *harp* on (for I would fain pull up this evil by the root, and shame men for harbouring such mistakes in undeserved courtesy to licentious versions). After all, it must still be the *modern manly bondage of rhyming* (as *Milton* phrases it) that has mostly contributed to, if not wholly occasioned, this vile latitude in translators. I have suggested, I apprehend, the truer cause. Certainly (to speak out yet more openly and in rougher terms) it must be imputed to an *absurd vanity*, as if they fondly flattered themselves they could impose on their readers their own dirty *brass* for sterling gold, as being cheaper to substitute in its room, and ready at hand (their own brain being the choice *mint* ever coining such *treasonable copper* against *Phabus*) very graciously offering, in exchange for the gold *royal* of the original, which they are ever *clipping* or *defacing*, gilt *farthings*, representing their own pitiful *plebeian* image; substituting their own *crudities* awkwardly foisted in for *additional touches* of their exuberant invention, as *supererogatory* graces of their liberally disposed fruitful fancy. A fruitful fancy I call it they? Such *libertine translators* truly are fruitful in monsters of their own creation, as *unlike* the original, as a vile *death's head* on a *grave-stone* in a *country church-yard* is to the face of a *cherub* over an *altar* finished by the divine *Michael Angelo*.

In short, I consider a *translator* in the same light I do a *painter* that sits down to draw a *likeness*; he is obliged by his art faithfully to represent every feature with the very air of the living personage before him. Even the *nails* and *hair* are to be minutely copied, and all that is allowed him (the very quintessence of his cunning) is to give a *beautiful likeness*. Now, this *beautiful likeness* of nature the masterly hand of *Homer* has preserved in his poetical paintings after her in the *Iliad*, both as to men and things; and though nothing human can boast *absolute perfection*, yet has the art of the poet added a new *dignity* by improving on nature. But to speak more closely; as nature in her various works may be said to have

fat to Homer, who took care to make the *best choice*, so *Homer* may be said to *fit to the translator*, who is to copy *him* as faithfully (as *he did nature*) as it is possible; though certain in an inferior tongue to fall as short (nay perhaps far more short) of *Homer's* original graces, as *himself (Homer)* did of absolute perfection unattainable by any human being. In both cases a reasonable allowance is of course to be made to *both parties*, though neither are to be justified (indemnified as to censure) in any wilful, possibly to be avoided, imperfection. I would insinuate hereby *Homer's absolute perfection*, humanly speaking, as considered in comparison with *other writers (poets)*, and that therefore in all justice he should be most closely and attentively copied in his text. To pursue this metaphor of comparison, as *sundry beauties*, especially of various climates, may all excel in beauty, and yet have different and distinct perfections (as it is notorious, how *Zeuxis* summoned a lovely bevy of the fairest virgins of *Greece*, from the whole circle to pick out an adequate idea to make his *Helen*), so is it among original authors; they may all shine in their several degrees, yet each have his proper peculiar pre-eminence that distinguishes him from others. *Homer* before us is, in general terms, that picture finished of *Zeuxis*, uniting in himself all the graces of poetry. He is the fountain (under over-ruling heaven), from whence all other bards since his time have drawn their fabled *Castalian water*. Himself is the true *Apollo* properly; as every bard must have his *Apollo* within him. In other words, more intelligibly, he must be gifted by heaven with proper talents improveable by a fit education and study. But to return: *Homer* may be said to surpass as it were himself in invention (considering him as compounded of various excellences), meaning it is the master-jewel of the rich cabinet of his mind. It is a star of the first magnitude; all his graces united together making up a complete cynosure, or constellation of superlative glory. If we suppose a poetical star shone out at his birth, as we needs must (as the *beatens* fabled of every true bard, the moral of which is evident),

evident), it must have lightened a considerable part of the heavens, as an *omen*, *Homer*, when come to maturity, would fill the earth with his renown; as in fact, his poems have been the wonder of all nations wheresoever science has made the least progress, having been most marvelously preserved, collected and disposed in their proper natural form we now have them, with infinite pains and zeal of *learned men*; and even *kings* have contested (*Alexander's* passion for him being notorious) who should most reverence him, as well as people of different tongues disputed the place of his birth; which, notwithstanding, through the modesty of his poems, remains a secret to this day, as much as the burial-place of the divine law-giver of the *Jews*. This wonderful man (this *Solomon* of the *beathens*), who grasped the whole circle of arts and sciences then known in his comprehensive mind (this *Pbæmix* of poets living still in his own immortal works, and who dying as to his terrestrial part left no other to spring up from his ashes), has made his immense treasury of knowledge subservient to his poetry, drawing out in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, agreeably to the several occasions, with a kingly profusion for the reader's pleasure and instruction. And in nothing is he more respectable than for the valuable morals he watches all opportunities to inculcate, which it is needless to point out, infomuch that *Horace* cried out he excelled the very philosophers. The reader will discover at a glance such pearls of admonition interspersed in almost every page, which shine through the work, and cast a glory all round them; and I will not anticipate his relish, or rather affront his understanding, by pointing to their light. Yet even he, this *Homer* (whom we can never enough magnify) has, notwithstanding some characteristic marks, that simply distinguish him from all others, as (besides his marvellous invention above specified) a certain majesty and sublimity of thought peculiar to himself, with a noble loftiness of expression spirited with bold metaphors agreeably to the taste of the oriental writers in that early age he lived in; these characteristics are universally appropriated to

Homer, have been in all the *critics* mouths ever since his writings have filled all ages with astonishment, and indeed are obvious at first sight to all, "*that he may run that readeth*;" the most superficial perusal will mark them out to the dullest eye. I add therefore a *less hackneyed* observation, and which requires *taste* and *feeling* in a reader, with native *delicacy of ear* to *relish* it, that *Homer* stands sufficiently *distinguished* from all others by the *inimitable harmony of his numbers*, in which he could not have shone equally in any other language as in his own sonorous *Greek*; any more than our late *Handel* could have shewn the power of music on a bad *imperfect-toned organ*. For his numbers are varied with *infinite art* (as tunes are changed at pleasure by a masterly hand) to suit all along the *several subjects* (the *excellence* of which is that it lies *concealed*, the very property of *art* when in perfection, as if it was pure nature, as before specified) his *verses* now flowing on majestically *slow* and solemn; agreeably to the *gravity* of the *state-ly epic* in the *stiller scenes*; or running off *violent* and *rapid* like a *rushing torrent*, when he is painting the passions in a ferment in the *heat of battle* (the *Iliad* being one continued scene mostly of martial *action*); the *sonorous numbers* now *echoing* the *shouts* of the embattled warriors, the *singing of spears* in the air, which they darken, showering down in thick tempests; and now languishingly *plaintive* to figure *manly beauty* cut off in its *bloom*; at another time the *full-sounding verse* roars rough like the *turbulent ocean* in a tempest, which he is describing, or swells in *open vowels* like the roaring of the *lordly lion* in his many *lofty similes*, which he makes so constant an *emblem* to shadow forth the courage and fury of the combatants; yet so varied, as to present ever a *new picture* in a *still new light* in so many amazingly *diversified attitudes*. And now still exalting his notes, he makes us as it were hear the tremendous sound of *Jove's thunder* in the rumbling majesty of his *verses*, awfully rolling along when he is painting out the sovereign of *Olympus* in his terror; which on occasion, as the scene changes,

flow

flow musically sweet, as some passing Goddess in the air ("smooth-gliding without step"), whom he is describing, imitating throughout the magic power of *Apollo's harp*, when he charms the ear of *Jove* himself, and all the listening Gods in a circle, as at the end of the first book. In brief, his well-modulated versification, so wonderfully conducted in all its parts, were sufficient of itself alone abundantly to characterize him pre-eminently from all others, were we to omit the greater parts of poetry (as of painting), invention, and design. I cry the reader's mercy for this needless panegyric on *Homer* (for as I said at first, who needs praise the sun?) but this rambling excursion has slipped from me in the overflowing of my zeal on the too tempting subject. Yet I must not forget that air in the *Iliad* of antiquity, that so awes and charms in almost the oldest writer extant; it is like the true antique, as fancy suggests in a supposed statue of *Phidias*, or a picture of *Apelles*. Thus the tower of *Babel* (but that was not finished as is the *Iliad*); or *Nebuchadnezzar's* palaces at *Old Babylon*, were they all remaining (I had like to have instanced in *Solomon's temple*) flourishing, as in their first glory, they would strike the eye, and fill the musing mind of the beholder with a somewhat similar reverence. A cast of antiquity there must be of course in a work so ancient, but the hand of time has so mellowed the air of the *Iliad*, and made it so truly venerable, not merely for its antiquity, but as *Homer's* poetical drawings after nature were at first so masterly designed, which was what insured their immortality, and constitutes them speaking pictures to this day. And it is notorious, how all have sketched after his great originals in all ages, and copied each his favourite grace that most struck his own fancy; *Virgil* only, his best disciple, having made excellent history-painting conceived in the plan, and executed with a steady hand in the manner from *Homer's* glowing archetypes, having imitated to the very life his colouring (most particularly in adapting the sound of his lines to the sense), as well as more earthy less pure materials to work with could enable him;

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Latin weighed with *Greek*, being at the highest valuation, but as *silver* to *gold*. Now *these characteristic marks* above, which I have briefly hinted with an *epistolary freedom* without set method, are to be made to *shine out* in the *version*, as the *principal parts* in good *painting* ought to *project* themselves, and *stand forwards*, bold and full in order to meet, and attract the eye at first sight. *Pope* himself (I heartily praise him in this) expatiates on the astonishing *invention* of *Homer* in his *excellently-penned Preface*, having so judiciously praised the great compiler of the *Iliad*, and so fully in every respect, as outstripping by the creative power of his *imagination*, by the bold *wing* of his *fancy*, all *succeeding bards*, having thereby left them but *little glory* to glean after him, that it is *superfluous* to enter upon a *formal detail* of *particulars*, and would occasion *endless repetitions*, to be more explicit on this point, or methodical in my instances of *Homer's* confessed *superiority*. And I must be ingenuous enough to declare, that had he (*Pope*) followed his *own* (mostly) *sound rules of direction* (for though *rhyme* shewed an error in choice, it needed not to have diverted him from attending to the *text* before him), he had given less occasion, or just handle to any one to *bazard success* in any *new attempts to translate Homer*. As matters now stand, what *mountains of prejudice* must be removed, which of course are expected to *rise up*, before *another version* can take place; or rather *that mountain of offence* to *Homer's text*, already blocking up the road, stands chiefly in the way, upon which almost *all degrees* have *popishly burned incense*, which I leave the reader's sagacity to unriddle. But after all his *good rules* (convicted from his own words and condemned), even to wave his *rhyme* ill-chosen at first, his wilful *omissions* and *innovations* by his licentious management, which united all together were sufficient of themselves to *sap* the *credit* of the *whole*, he has given his *venerable majestic original*, in his *tawdry-copied version*, a downright *modern air*, as if *Homer* had been a writer but of *yesterday*, having left nothing of the *antique*, which

which *himself* insinuates in his *Preface* so necessary to be carefully preserved. But to reason coolly in a word; how should a rag of scarlet frize be worthy to repair from time to time large rents purposely made in very wantonness in a robe of crimson, or royal purple? For what else is a thought, an imaginary amendment of *Pope's*, obtruded on us, and smeared artfully with smooth rhyme, which he would have us swallow like a gilded pill of poison, but gross treason against the majesty of the high-throned *Homer*, whose whole works, his elaborate *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, glow like a mine of the purest gold, and whose language is durable and shining as everlasting adamant? I cry my reader mercy; I have relapsed; I have vented my thoughts on this head too freely already.

To begin now to hasten to a conclusion, that the reader may at last see shore, after having his patience nigh exhausted with wading through this long sea of a *Preface* (having been as tedious as a long-winded sermon with the same old plea of over-officious zeal, as there the preacher, for thy more abundant edification truly in the important subject before thee); first, previously I intreat thee, whosoever thou art that readest, a frowning blood-thirsty critic with a smattering of the Greek, or a man of plain sense, but born with a good taste, or, more eligible, a tender-hearted lady of quick discernment, yet pleased to make gracious allowances (of which temper I could wish my party, now I am putting up for votes), whosoever thou art that readest, I intreat thee to discard all prejudice so natural against a writer unknown, in favour of one so well known, though now no more but in his works that still continue to speak for him; praying only the favour to be calmly read through, before thou declarest thyself for or against me. Without further preamble, leaving this plaintive key, not agreeable to my constitutional vivacity, the candid reader here may expect to see *Homer*, and nothing but *Homer* as to the sense, with all the compound epithets so beautiful and natural to the Greek, giving such dignity to the diction, and so common to be met with in every leaf, imitated in
our

our language, to the best of the *translator's* judgment and skill; where he hopes a *due allowance* will be vouchsafed him for his *laudable spirit and endeavour* in this *monster-producing age* in *spider-spun* refinements of their own, to make those *happy darings* in the *original* relish in our *English*. I am not *ashamed* of any thing that is truly *Homer's* (*ashamed* said I? I am *fond* of every thing that is *his*; not but *Homer* shines out like the *sun*, more fully at some seasons than others, and, like the *sun*, may appear *eclipsed* for a few minutes), and consequently I shall give intire all his *repetitions*, not cheapening him to offer *apology* for them, they being *mostly* in themselves *venerable* (which *mode* we find countenanced in *holy Scripture*); on the very lowest supposition being agreeable to the *simplicity* of those *early times*.

The reader has at present *one book* only to peruse, contrary to what I at first proposed, thus *swelled* exuberantly with *Preface* and *Notes*; my *best excuse* for *both* which is, and particularly for the *notes*, that this *prolixity* here is intended to occasion *brevity* hereafter; for by opening my mind so freely at first, the less need shall I have to exclaim on every passage in the progress of this work. As *formal civility* and *tedious compliments* among *strangers* very often *terminate* in cordial *familiarity* and hearty *friendship*. It will be my *glory*, if ever I can *apply* this. But as to the *notes* so bloated in dimension, which have given me a thousand times more perplexity than the *version*, having *wove* and *unwove*, like *Penelope's web*, for years before I stood determined (which at last was to *trust* chiefly to my own *bottom*), they are mostly *new*, and on a *new plan*, or rather on an old one revived almost antiquated, and long disused, being calculated to render the graces of *Homer's* poetry more conspicuous and *obvious to all*, meaning to all persons endued with a tolerable degree of *taste* (for the *blind* can never be made to judge of *colours*), which was the scheme of that elegant critic *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*. The translator is preparing to follow up this book, purposing all convenient expedition, with

the version of the whole Iliad, which has already lain long finished by him. But in fact, I have as yet compiled only one third part of the notes; in other words, for eight books; the whole work waiting for a fair copying out, and for a few heightening touches, as at the last sitting.

But perhaps some *barking critic*, that must needs be *meddling*, will *forbid the banns* this *first time of publishing*, swearing I deserve no *nearer connexion* with any of the *Muses*. I must lament then the ill fate of this introductory *piece* to a large sett of *history paintings* it belongs to, being so imperfect of itself, and seen singly; for they would *look all better*, as *designed, surveyed in one light*, and in *company together*; and should such censure be confirmed at the court of *Parnassus* (for every *cur* hits not off the *true scent*), I am even reduced to submit to the no less *ravenous worms*, that must *devour this specimen* at their leisure in my *old trunk* stuffed with voluminous heaps of such like *poetical lumber*.

Before I conclude this *rambling Preface*, writ with *the freedom of an epistle to a friend*, in lieu of a more exact formal method, which perhaps might be expected of a candidate towards his judges, as arguing more reverence with some, and a remnant of grace left in a not yet hardened offender, I must further *intreat the reader's patience* to bear with a *transient remark or two* on a *few lines* of the opening of the *Iliad* in my *predecessor's version*. I cannot in policy omit it, since my zeal has tempted me to utter, perhaps too unadvisedly, what common prudence had better suggested to suppress, hoping hereby to *justify my free hints* concerning that *otherwise so justly celebrated English bard*, and the last, as I remember, that has appeared, whose *memory* should therefore be the more *willingly cherished*, and towards whom afterwards I shall observe the *profoundest silence* with respect to censure, unless compelled by necessity to vindicate my own version, where he chances to assert a contrary sense in the text, or would any ways *impose burdens too grievous to be borne*.

But to proceed to the *lines*, after having made my *boldness* appear more audacious by an *affected tenderness*, as loth truly to cast a shade of criticism to fully another's brightness. The subject of the *Iliad* is the *wrath of Achilles*, who is by *Homer* specified expressly to be the son of *Peleus* (a name revered in antiquity, of which more in my notes), yet *Pope* has simply called him only *Achilles* in the very first line of the *Poem*, when it was more necessary, as on the first naming any God or Hero, to give the full title to gratify the reader's curiosity. He has mentioned *Pluto's gloomy reign* in his third line, though the grave only (or *Pluto*, if you please without his kingdom) is mentioned in the original; to take no notice of his heavenly, an unnecessary epithet, added to his Goddess to fill up with in his second line; as if he would court her more successfully, and that she could not refrain singing after such compliment; and I will spare the word *chiefs*, that has here a flat sound in comparison of *heroes* expressly in the text in the fourth line; as knowing they are synonymous terms mostly, and both allowable; though *heroes* seem to me to be of a higher rank, as it may be thus predicated: Every hero is a chief, but every chief is not an hero properly of consequence; so that they are not always convertible terms in absolute strictness and propriety. And then it follows:

“ *Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.*”

Where the first line is not in the original, which says *their bodies were left a prey to dogs, and all manner of fowl* (though the sense is indeed implied as being what happened on such woes to the *Greeks*); and as to the last line, *Homer* adds no epithet to the *dogs*, nor does he intitle the birds *vultures*, though whatever bird might be well termed hungry, as well as the dogs above devouring. But what person of taste sees not by adding superfluous epithets here, obvious ones to fill up the verse, that the translator lessens the terror of the scene by endeavouring to beighten it? It is *Horace's* pur-

pureus pannus, a purple rag not wanted; the ferocity of these creatures rioting on dead bodies is taken off by saying too much, in instancing their qualities, which should have been left to the reader's imagination to supply, as Homer well knew. Thus *Protopogenes* knew not when he had finished his pieces, and made his pictures little after they had acquired their perfection; and one would think the author of the *Essay on Criticism* should have known epithets were superfluous here. In the two next lines he omits specifying, who *Atrides* is, signalized by Homer with that honourable distinction, King of men (as much as to say, the imperial sovereign of the whole Greek host, that could boast of including many famous kings, of all whom *Agamemnon* was king supreme and commander in chief during the war); it might not unreasonably be inquired, which *Atrides* he means; for it might refer to *Menelaus* equally as the son of *Atreus*, though the title is oftener and more properly given to *Agamemnon*; but this I hint with little stress on it, merely as it is at the beginning of the poem, where the names of heroes should be more accurately distinguished. And, what displeases me full as much, as relating to the *Hero* of the Poem, he substitutes the epithet *great*, a general term for an hero, instead of the nobler in the original, *Godlike Achilles*.

It is here granted, that a translator cannot well avoid oftentimes adding or omitting an epithet, and varying in the phraseology (the idiom of a different language may warrant, and occasion as much); and certainly a reasonable allowance should be made in so long a work as the *Iliad*; only it is remarkable (and for which reason merely I have noted the above liberties, which, if modestly and discretely taken in a fitter season, had been venial), that *Pope*, *Jebu-like*, at the very first sets out with that air of triumph, which his spirit of libertinism suggested, and hardened him to continue on throughout his whole licentious version.

But I forbear further, and this may serve as a taste of the rambling latitude of his translation, which I am willing still to allow as beau-

tiful as you please, with this *proviso*, that it is always *less beautiful*, and engaging to any impartial judge, as he adventures to *deviate from*, or *misinterpret* his great original, *Homer*. *Homer*! an author of too high a class for one of *his* abilities, or any others that ever drank the *Castalian spring*, to hope to improve by *adulterating*. *Homer*! a bard truly, whose *Muse* soars too sublimely, and flies too rapidly along the aerial road for a chicken of *his* wing to contend with or outstrip. And shall *he* dare to curb his flights, retrenching his *text*, or pretend to mount above him by fancied excursions of his own brain, adding to what is written? As *Icarus* would needs out-fly his more steady-minded father *Dædalus* less loftily disposed, and by melting his wax dropped into the *deep*; so by quitting *Homer's text*, the beaten road, as he *launched out* at first wantonly, so he perished at last, as a *translator*, in a *sea of errors*. His conduct is as extraordinary, and his zeal as commendable, as if a *sign-dawber* should paint all over *afresh* *Raphael's* divine cartoons, and for argument's sake, on supposition of some small blemish, a worm-hole of time, should *fill* it up with a kind patch of *fool's colours* of his own.

I have criticised these few lines of my late predecessor in no other view than as they *deviate* from the *text*, in *pure zeal* to the *original*, which as *old gold* I wish ever to be preserved inviolable from whatever hands would *traiterously* presume to *clip* or *deface* the *royal stamp*; and could *all along*, were I disposed, *utter* such *invidious truths*, being perfectly amazed at his confidence in *omitting* almost constantly through *choice*, those awful *compound epithets* to the *Gods* and *Heroes* (which I may be allowed barely to repeat in my *summing up my charge* against him), which it is generally allowed have a *singular majesty* in the *sense*, and where *Homer's* sublimity eminently shines, which *he* insinuates will *not* shine nor relish in *English* (which is his arbitrary judgment on them in the lump), but allowing the *difficulty*, and that some *few* possibly *may* be found of *stubborn metal* very loth to *resolve* into our *English*; yet I hesitate

fitate not to pronounce, that it must be as much owing to want of *proper skill* in a *translator*, as to the *poverty* of our *language*; for *build* we may with *brick* after the same *model*, though we cannot, meaning so as to make it *pass* for the *real substance*, counterfeited therewith a *pillar* of *gold* or *marble*. And of the *latter materials* (*figuratively* in point of *duration*, or rather of still more durable *adamant*), is the *stupendous pile* of the *Iliad*, that *has shone*, and *will continue shining*, *throughout all ages*.

Whatever be the *fate* of this enterprising *attempt*, laudably meant and faithfully endeavoured, yet I clearly foresee its *success* at *present* will depend rather on the *comparative merit* betwixt such *blank verse* performance and *Pope's* in *rhyme* singly by themselves, or with each other considered and examined, than on the *actual resemblance* in very truth *either work* shall be found to bear to the *divine original*, though the *likeness* only should determine the *preference*. This is but too evident already (according to the most probable *conjecture*), as the *learned few* can be the *sole adequate judges*, who are the least likely of all others to *light on this version*, as they will hardly venture their cash to peruse a sample from an *hand unknown*, whose *trumpet* has not yet sounded, whose performance has not been warranted of *Phæbus* by well-sealed *testimonies*, or insured *success* before hand, for a *sun-shine quarter*, by pompous *subscriptions* from the *great* to enable it to walk abroad with an *air of triumph*. These *adepts* in the sciences will never compare it with *Pope's* version with a view to the *original*, as knowing *his* to be a *paraphrase*, but will be tempted rather to subscribe to the *common method* of *passing sentence* on the *whole*, as *each version* reads better, and more agreeably by *itself* than the *other*; or, if they are further curious, through an *extraordinary complaisance*, to be at the *pains* to examine this specimen with the *Greek*, to see, if in this my *copy* I have followed closely *Homer's text*, even *this way* I may be a *sufferer*, without first a *gracious allowance* made for an *inferior tongue* (which disadvantage truly affects

affects us both equally, though my predecessor has the tawdry benefit of *gilded rhyme*) as a *picture* may be seen too near, in too full a light, and compared too attentively with the *original*, when done in *worse colours*, and by an *infinitely worse band*. But I retract my unjust fears; and am not apprehensive of any *unfair* decisive sentence from the *court* of gentlemen scholars and critics, whom I desire to be my *impartial judges*. I dread rather only certain *Grubstreet* foretellers, airy garret writers, whom I despise as to their praise or dispraise, as *humane* as the *Old Egyptians*, who are for drowning every production indiscriminately in the *muddy torrents* of their own *censure*, that they are not bespoke (hired) *godfathers* to, some of their own *fraternity* being the *known fathers*; I protest here publicly before-hand, I will not abide by the *indigested determination* of such, whom I scorn as much as I reverence, on the contrary, the *golden mace* of the *true unprejudiced critic*, of the quality of *Itburriel's spear* in *Milton* to shew every thing in its *genuine colours* on the touch, capable of discerning with a steady eye when we follow *Homer's light*, or the *deceitful dazzle* of our own *fancies*. If I may speak out, I am chiefly *jealous*, the *worshipful order* of the *truly learned and candid* will take it for granted, as coming from an *obscure corner of the earth*, and from a *Parnassian unknown*, this version will of course be found in the *balance wanting*, and so will not put us in the *scales together*; and it is hard treatment, over rigorous proceeding, that I should stand at *Homer's bar alone* to be judged according to his *text* (though that is what I humbly pray the court), and my predecessor still carry the day without undergoing the same trial. But be this as it chances; I shall endeavour to submit with a philosophical fortitude and resignation (leaving the *final issue* to time) to the common practice of most readers as above; to stand or fall, as a *translator* of *Homer*, as this specimen shall happen to appear more or less worthy, compared with *Pope's*, in the eye of every *impartial and candid peruser*.

ARGUMENT

A R G U M E N T

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

ALLEXANDER (otherwise *Paris*) departing for *Sparta*, hospitably entertained by *Menelaus*; and having stolen *Helen*, he makes off for *Troy*. The *Greeks*, being apprized thereof, dispatched elders to *Priam*, both *Menelaus* himself, and *Ulysses*, and *Diomedes*, and *Acamas* the son of *Theslus*; whom the *Trojans* intended on the first most convenient opportunity to have slain, which they had effected, but for *Antenor*, who, after he had entertained them amicably, dismissed them from *Troy*. Whereupon the elders (nothing having been done to their satisfaction) on their return told the *Greeks* all that had passed. On hearing which, *Agamemnon*, as sovereign king, gathering in a body the whole nation of the *Greeks*, marched with his army to the Land of *Ilion*; and having besieged it for the space of *nine years*, on the *tenth* year came on the wrath of *Achilles* (being blown up to a flame) upon this account. *Chryses*, priest of *Apollo*, arrives where the *Grecian* ships were stationed with a fatherly impatience to ransom *Chryseis*, his daughter; but not receiving her, but on the contrary being reproachfully treated by *Agamemnon*, he prays to *Apollo* against the *Greeks*; whereupon a *Pestilence* ensuing, and many, of course, perishing by it, *Achilles* summons a council. And *Calchas* (on being conjured to it, and first indemnified by *Achilles* for speaking out) having revealed the whole truth, and *Achilles* thereupon commanding that the God should be propitiated, *Agamemnon* in a rage proceeds violently against *Achilles*, and ravishes away by force *Briſeis*, that had been given him as an honourary reward for his great service done in war. Upon this, *he* (*Achilles*) is inflamed with anger against the *Greeks*. And *Thetis*, at her son's request,

A

speeding

A R G U M E N T.

speeding away ascends *Olympus*, petitioning *Jupiter* to render the *Trojans* superior in might to the *Greeks*. *Juno* however well aware of all this, is exceedingly enraged at *Jupiter*, till *Vulcan's* pleasantry reconciled them, and put an end to their strife, by awkwardly ministering *Nectar* all round to the heavenly synod in a golden bowl, which occasions infinite laughter; upon which, after feasting at large all that day (*Apollo* the meanwhile touching his *lyre*, and the *Muses* singing), matters end peaceably with all (except *Jove*) at last dropping asleep.

N. B. The *above* (excepting an additional word or two occasionally, and particularly towards the conclusion, more clearly to illustrate the subject) is a plain translation of the *Greek* prose prefixed to *Dr. Clarke's Homer*, intitled the *Argument of Alpha* (or the first book) of *Homer's Rhapsody*; the translator having preferred his edition of the *Iliad*.

11:7:49

THE

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
THE ILLIAD.

ACHILLES' wrath so deadly, *Peleus' son,*
Resound, O Goddess! source to wretched Greece
Of endless woes, that to an early grave

Line 1. *Achilles' wrath so deadly,*
The opening of the Poem in the first line in the original (which declares the plan and subject of the whole, the anger of Achilles) is very sonorous, like the swelling clangor of the Muse's trumpet;

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεᾷ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆϊ
Οὐλομένῳ, &c.

and the first word in the second line (Οὐλομένῳ) has something in it horrible in the very sound; conveying admirably to the ear an idea of the deadly effects of his anger, in the myriads of sorrows occasioned thereby to the Greeks; it being sufficient to justify Homer, that he paints him; not as a perfect character, but as made up of virtues and vices, agreeable to what fame reports this distinguished Hero—The ancients justly praise Homer for making his Poem to begin not with the very beginnings of the war, but for immediately transporting the bearer into the midst of things, and interweaving afterwards in their proper places matters preceding. A translation of part of Dr. Clarke's note on the place, whom I english occasionally to suit the less learned reader (citing Aristot. Poet. Schol. and Hor.) This example of Homer in making his poem to open in the middle of things, our *Hæmerican Milton* follows in his *Paradise Lost*.

1. — *Peleus' son,*
Fortes creantur fortibus. Hor. Carm. l. IV. od. iv.
The brave are produced from the brave.

Or with Theocritus, Idyl. xxii. † 213.
Αὐτοὶ τε κρατίοντι, καὶ ἐκ κρατίοντος ἔφυσαν.

B

Plung'd

Plung'd many a Hero's valiant soul; his corse

A prey to dogs and fowl: (such Jove's high will!)

5

They were valiant themselves, and sprung from a valiant sire. Peleus, the father of Achilles by the Goddess Thetis, a sea nymph daughter of Nereus, is a name revered in antiquity. For which I need only cite the admirable Pindar (next in sublimity to Homer)

— παλαιαί—

—σι δ' ἐν ἀρείαις γίγαθε Πηλεὺς ἀναξ

ὑπεράλλον αἰχμῶν ταμῶν

δε καὶ Πωλκὸν ἔλε

μόνος ἀνδρὶ στρατῶς

καὶ ποντίαν Θέτιν κατίμαρψεν

ἰγκονήϊ.

King Peleus glory'd in the ancient virtues, who, after he had fashioned for his use an incomparable spear, sole, without the aid of an army, sacked Ioleus, and made himself master of the Sea—(Goddess) Thetis, not without great difficulty. He tells us afterwards, an Hero appears of great weight that has native virtues from his illustrious ancestors, συγγενῶς δὲ τις ὁδοξία μέγα βρῖθει, applicable immediately to Achilles, whose valour from his infancy, even in its dawn, promised in due time such a blaze of glory, as distinguished the Hero of this poem. The learned reader will pardon my citing the passage at length in the original; which I shall English in plain prose, for the less learned's satisfaction.

Ξανθὸς δ' Ἀχιλεὺς, τὰ μὲν μί-

ων Φιλόρρις ἐν δόμοις,

παῖς ἔων, ἄθρυεν

μεγάλα ἔργα χερσὶ θάμινά,

βραχυσιδάρων ἀκοῖα πάλλων,

ἴσον τ' ἀνέμοις, μάχα λειόνεσσιν ἁ-

γροτίοις ἔπρασεν φόνον,

κάπρες τ' ἵναιρι' σώμα-

τι ἢ παρὰ Κρονίδαυ

Κίελαυρον ἀδμαίνοντα κόμιζεν

ἰξίτης τοπρῶτερ. ὅλον δ' ἵππ' ἄν

χρόνον τὸν ἰθάμειν Ἀρτε-

μῖς τε καὶ Θρασύ Αἰθάνα

(ἀντιφρ. γκώ. ιγ.)

κτένοντ' ἐλάφης ἀνδρὶ κυ-

ῶν δολιῶν δ' ἰρκίῶν

Ποσὶ γὰρ κράτισται.

What

What time, *Atides*, king of men, provok'd
Godlike *Achilles* to contentious ire.

But the yellow (haired) *Achilles*, living in the mansion of *Phylira*, being yet a child, afforded frequent proofs in his martial play of mighty deeds achiev'd by his hands. For brandishing a short javelin of sharp iron, swift as the very winds, he wrought destruction in battling with the wild lions, and slaughtering boars; and their carcases yet quivering he brought (in triumph) to the centaur (*Chiron*) the son of *Saturn*, being as yet but six years old, when he first thus signalized himself; while ever after, *Diana* and the bold *Minerva* continued astonished to behold him, killing the very stags without (the help of) dogs, or crafty holds, for he excelled in (swiftness of) foot. (*Nem. Ode 3.*)

Pindar (in the 6th Ode of his *Isthmia*) also surprisingly magnifies *Peleus*:

— εὖ ἔστιν εἶναι

βαρβαρος, εἰτε παλίστρωτος πόλις,
αἴτις ἂ Πηλῖος αὖτις κλέος
ἥρωος δ' ἰδαίμονος γαμβρῶ θεῶν.

There is no city of a tongue so barbarous (however remote from the Greek), that has not heard of the glory of the hero *Peleus* the blessed (honoured) son in-law of the Gods. He mentions *Achilles* and *Peleus*, and king *Æacus* (father of *Peleus*) honourably with *Jove* himself, in the 8th Ode of his *Pythia*. And, to crown all, *Pindar* celebrates *Peleus* and *Achilles* (*Jove* at last being softened by the prayers of *Thetis* for her son) in the *Island of the Blessed*, in the 2d Ode of his *Olympicks*.

Euripides also, in his *Andromache*, represents *Peleus* very honourably, as a wise old king, and full of valour.

The venerable *Hesiod* also, in his *Theogony* (breathing therein much of the air of *Homer*, and next in antiquity, who adopts, or otherwise chances to light on the same epithets to his Gods and Heroes, almost constantly) comprizes in two verses *Achilles*, *Peleus*, and *Thetis*:

Πηλεῖ δ' ἀμνηῖσα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα

Γένετ' Ἀχιλλῆα ρηξινύορα, θυμολέοντα. * 1006, 7.

But the silver-footed Goddess *Thetis*, vanquished by *Peleus*, brought forth *Achilles*, that burster through of hostile troops, endued with a lion's heart.

Theocritus too thus alludes to the same,

Ἀλλὰ Θέτις βαθυκόλπῃ ἀκούσιν Ἀχιλλῆα

Αἰακίδα Πηλεῖ.

But the full-bosomed *Thetis* (bore) the spear-renowned *Achilles* to *Peleus* son of *Æacus*. *Idyl. xvii. * 55.*

Nor has *Ovid* left untouched this subject.

— nam Conjuge *Peleus*

Clarus erat Diva.

*Met. B. ii. * 218.*

For *Peleus* was distinguished by having a Goddess for his consort.

WHICH of the Gods sow'd such destructive jars?
Jove's and *Latona's* son: 'twas he, inrag'd

— Conjux Dea contigit uni. [Peleo]. † 221.

A Goddess's spouse was his (Peleus's) lot only.

And thus *Proteus* prophecies of *Achilles* to *Thetis*:

— mater eris Juveni, qui fortibus actis

Acta Patris vincet, majorque vocabitur illo. † 223.

Thou shalt be mother to a youth that shall surpass the (valiant) deeds of his father by his own (valiant) deeds, and shall be called (therefore) greater than he. Exclaiming in transport,

Felix et Nato, felix et conjuge Peleus. † 267.

Peleus was happy both in his son, and happy in his (Goddess) consort.

But I am loth to omit an elegant passage in *Euripides* (which shall close this long note), where he makes the *Muses* celebrate the nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*: *Iphig.* in *Aul.* † 1040.

— αἱ καλλιπλόκαμοι.

Πιερίδες ἐν δαίτι θεῶν

Χρυσιοσάνδαλον ἔχοντες

Ἐν γὰρ κρούεσσαι

Πηλείως εἰς γάμον ἦλθον

Μελῶδοι θίγιν ἰαχί-

μασι, τὸν τ' Αἰακίδαυ.

The fair-haired Pierides (the Muses so called) at the feast of the Gods, beating the earth which they marked with their golden sandals (as they danced in triumph) came to the nuptials of Peleus, melodiously singing, making the names of Thetis and Æacides to resound with their loud voices.

2. — source to wretched Greece

Of endless woes,]—

The mischiefs done to the Greeks by *Achilles* we may learn from those lines in the 5th book (observed by *Dr. Clarke*). *For before Achilles had retired,*

Οὐδέποτε Τρῶες πρὸ πυλάων Δαρδανιάων

"Οἰχνεσκον· κείνῃ γὰρ ἰδέδισαν ὄβριμον ἔγχος.

Troy train ne'er dar'd to fall from their gates;

For why, they dreaded his impetuous spear?

4. — his corse a prey

To dogs and fowl:]—

— Canibus data præda Latinis

Alitibusque jaces — *Æn. ix.* 485. (cited by *Dr. Clarke*).

The learned reader will not be displeased with my putting him in mind of a parallel passage of *Sophocles* in his *ΑΙΑΣ ΜΑΣΤ.* ριφθῶ κυρὶ πρόβλητος, οἰωνοῖς θ' ἔλωρ.
 At

At Agamemnon's haughty pride, let fly
A pestilence to lay the army waste:
Smote by the evil plague the people dy'd.
Chryses his priest had been with shame repuls'd,
When to the Greek swift-sailing ships he came,
With gifts of price his daughter to redeem;
His hands a mitre, and gold sceptre bore,
Badge of Apollo, the far-shooting God:

Ajax fearing his dead body may be thrown to the dogs and fowl. This paints the wretchedness attending their unburied state, their bodies being left a prey to be mangled thus inhumanly; a barbarity then commonly practised among enemies, as is notorious; and Goliath, the proud champion of Gath against Israel, accordingly threatens the stripling David in his haughty defiance: Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field, 1 Sam. xvii. 44. And Virgil, long after Homer, in the same strain, represents the souls of the unburied slain, as being reduced to wander round the melancholy banks of Styx an hundred years, as we learn from the 6th book of his Æneis.

Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum,

Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revivunt. 330.

An hundred years these shores they hover round,

Wand'ring, then pass at last the long-wish'd ford.

On this occasion I may well cite Sophocles, in his Oedipus Tyrannus, 30:

— μέλας

ὁ γῆρας εὐαγγελιστὴς καὶ γόους πλεονάζει.

And the black Pluto (or the grave) grows rich with groans and lamentations (of the dying). As we now say, in cases of mortality when frequent, the church-yard fattens (or grows rich).

5. — (Such Jove's high will!)

— nam sæva Jovis sic Numina poscunt. Æn. xi. 901.

Plutarch disputes, Whether the poet means God himself or Fate in his book of Hearing Poets, and again, in his book of the Repugnances of the Stoicks. But there's no necessity for this; for Homer speaks not here as a philosopher, but asserts only thus much, That evils very many, and greater than could be possibly foreseen, sprung from this contention of the commanders. (Dr. Clarke).

— Διὸς, μέγαλοιο ἔκβη.

By the will of supreme Jove. Hesiod (Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, 4.)

And!

And thus he supplicates th' *Achaian* host,
But chief th' *Atridae*, the two first in pow'r.

HEAR *Atreus'* sons, *Greeks* all well-fenc'd with greaves! 20

19.

— the two first in pow'r.]

Accordingly in character *Menelaus* says, in *Euripides'* *Helen*.

Αγαμέμνων, ἐμὲ τε

Μενέλαον, κλεῖνον ζυγόν

Agamemnon, and me *Menelaus*, an illustrious pair (well yoked together in government).

20. Hear, *Atreus'* sons, *Greeks* all well-fenc'd with Greaves!]

How briefly (says *Camerarius*), how artfully doth he court their benevolence! Nay, how exceeding briefly, in five verses (in the original) doth he rouse the attention of the two generals, and the whole army with his soft address, with religion, interest, and terror! (Dr. Clarke).

As to the phrase *ἰσχυρήμεις*, bene ocreati. This abstruse phrase (which I have rendered well-fenc'd with greaves) receives some light, to unravel its meaning and shew what this leg-armour was made of, by an explanatory like epithet, in the 7th book (v. 41.) *χαλκοκήμεις Ἀχαιοί*, *æreis ocreis armati Achiyi*, signifying these greaves were of brass, which we must suppose inclosed, or clasped round the leg, from the ankle upwards by way of defence, and which very probably were much of the same kind as we read, in Holy Scripture, were worn by the Giant *Goliath*. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, 1 Sam. xvii. 6.

Though such epithets are venerable in the *Greek*, and deserve our attention as preserving the usages of antiquity, yet they are very puzzling often to the translator, who is constrained to take up half a verse, and sometimes almost a whole one, to give the full meaning in *English*; and being thus wire-drawn, they are still less poetical, and the oftener they occur, still the worse; for there is no departing from, or altering without presumption, the plain text. But this is my misfortune that affects not a more licentious translator, who artfully passes over such difficulties and old affairs, as never can shine in our *English*, and which never were intended by *Homer* himself for his Pearls in Poetry; being pertinent phrases alluding to warlike customs in those early times. Yet in *Homer's* days such epithets (and the often repeating them) might be used in very policy; so far then might they be from giving offence to the most refined tastes, as relishing of the custom of antiquity, being never imputed to barrenness of choice, which can least of all writers be objected to *Homer*. And this martial epithet, *ἰσχυρήμεις*, well-fenced with greaves, might be a very cordial encouraging one to the bulk of the host, to whom it is addressed in common, which was indeed dignified with many illustrious commanders, who were many of them kings and great personages, though it might be particularly meant as a proper salutation to further animate a martial people so well harnessed for fight, armed, as we say, cap-a-pee, clad from head to foot for defence.

So may the Gods who grace th' Olympian domes,
Give Priam's city to your hands to raze,
And grant a fortunate return! but deign
T' accept this ransom for my dear-lov'd child;
Honour these gifts in reverence, as I serve
Jove's son Apollo, the far-shooting God! :

SHOUTED the Greeks applause, and all agreed
The priest was to be rev'renc'd, and his gifts
Receiv'd so splendid, 'till, not so dispos'd,
Atreides Agamemnon sworn with rage,
Bade him depart, and thus high-threat'ning spoke.
Hence in contempt, old man! lest I chastise
Thy loit'ring, or shouldst thou presume return,
These hollow ships attest our just revenge,
And thy God's crown and sceptre plead too late.
Her I'll not free, 'till worn by wrinkling age,

Hesiod (so near in antiquity to *Homer*) has a similar explanatory phrase also,
— χρῆμα δὲ δειχάλοιο παῖν.
Greaves of shining brass, § 112. in his *Agis Hpaλ*. § 122.
§ 21. — who grace th' Olympian domes] — ἰδύμενα δάμαρ' ἔχουσι.

This we find also in *Hesiod*, who has either adopted, or chanced to light on the same phrases and epithets with our primeval poet, the first in excellence of all *beathm* writers, *Homer*: *Ἐργα δὲ Ἡμίαι*, § 110. and § 127. in the same page.

35. Hence in contempt, old man!]

The original is γέρον, which I have ventured to render *old man*, and not *sage*, a more honourable term, as beneath I do; as I imagine it is very suitable here to the pride of *Agamemnon* in this contemptuous speech to the slighted *priest*; though I judged it not necessary to keep up such idea, when *Homer* speaks (or the *Muse* rather) in his own person of him.

At my own house at *Argos*, far from thee,
Far from her country, plying still the loom,
Constant partaker of our bed: avault!
Urge me no more, that you may go in peace.

HE spoke; the sage rever'd his stern command,
And silent march'd; slow traversing the shore

42. *And silent march'd, slow traversing the shore
Of the loud, thund'rous deep-resounding sea;]*

The original line,

Βῆ δ' αἰών παρὰ θύα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης. 34.

(which I have drawn out into two, being too pregnant in sense to be fully expressed in one) is perhaps as celebrated a verse as any in *Homer*, and in every one's mouth, universally admired. *Pope* professes himself pleased with the "melancholy flowing of the verse so admirably expressive of the condition of the mournful and deserted father," meaning, I should think, the beginning of it; and *Dr. Clarke* observes in his note, "It better paints the anguish of *Chryses* by silence, than all the usual exclamations of howling sorrow."

To which let me add, for my part I am particularly raptured and awed with the sonorous word πολυφλοίσβοιο, most astonishingly setting forth (by its own roaring sound (by the happiest conjunction of vowels and consonants, the vowels exceeding in number) the roaring of the ocean; and θαλάσσης, such an apt hissing-elfe, an happy concordia discors (discordant concord) no less expresses the flashing of the sea, when the waves are retreating from the shore. Such is the majesty of the Greek language, and the energy of its rich compounds; which mocks our *English* (I might say the *Latin* too) though it should rather inspire, than silence our endeavours in humble imitation. *St. John* in the *Revelation* has many passages where he multiplies ideas to excite an awe by sounds; as, to cite one place only; where he seems to have had a distinct echoing still in his ears of the wonderful sounds he had heard (repeating so often the word φωνῆν, to strike the impression on us the deeper). As first of the sea (the occasion of this note). Καὶ ἤκουσα φωνὴν ἐκ τῆς θρανῆς ὡς φωνὴν ὑδάτων πολλῶν, καὶ ὡς φωνὴν βροντῆς μεγάλης; καὶ φωνὴν ἡκεῖνα κιθαριστῶν κιθαρίζοντων ἐν ταῖς κιθάραις αὐτῶν. c. xiv. 2.—The latter part of the verse (pardon so small a digression) presents the ear a full idea of a concert where all are harping the same notes; and though each performer has distinct parts, yet all hands concur to effect the same uniform harmony. It sounds well in our translation: And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps. But I cry the reader mercy; for my remark and citation ought in strictness to have stopped at the first simile, waters.

OF

Of the loud, thund'rous, deep-resounding sea;

Apart, the musing seer implor'd his king

Apollo, the fair-hair'd *Latona's* son. 45

Hear me, thou God for silver bow renown'd;

O thou that shieldest *Gbrysa* with divine

Fair *Cilla*, ruling *Tenedos* with might,

Smintheus! if thy bright temple e'er I deck'd,

E'er burn'd fat thighs of slaughter'd bulls and goats; 50

Hear, and perform my pray'r, I breathe in tears;

Avenge me with thy arrows on the *Greeks*.

He spoke in pray'r; *Apollo Phœbus* heard,

And furious from *Olympus'* summits shot;

His bow and quiver firmly clos'd and veil'd. 55

— for silver bow renown'd!]

Ἀργυρόεσς, this badge of *Apollo* his silver bow, very frequent with the poets after him, is pompously alluded to by *Horace*, in his *Carmen Saeculare*:

Augur et fulgente decorus Arcu

Phœbus —

And *augur Phœbus* conspicuous for his shining (silver) bow.

53. He spoke in pray'r; *Apollo Phœbus* heard,]

Epithets, fitly and properly adapted to the subjects; have an equal respect to the names they belong to; as *he* (*Homer*) to each of the Gods applies his several appropriated title: *Jove* the profound in counsel, and loudly thunderer, and the sun *Hyperion* the high-stationed, and *Apollo Phœbus* the bright. *Dionys. Halic. Of Homer's Poetry*, c. vi. Thus when a poet calls *Apollo* the power *βιάσσειν*, the power operating at a distance, and *ἰκνέσθων*, the far-shooter, and *χρυσότονος*, the gold-fingered, and *ἀφθρα*, the darter, such epithet is appositely, according to the nature of the thing, taken from the rays of the sun. (*Dr. Clarke*).

55. His bow and quiver firmly clos'd, and veil'd,]

Perhaps the original word *ἀμυνεπία*, undique tectam, firmly clos'd and veil'd, may imply the secrecy affected by *Phœbus* in this formidable precipitate descent from *Olympus*; and may allude to the invisible march of the God, through the contagious air himself had blasted, agreeably to the sublime imagery of the *Psalmist*: the possessor that walketh in darkness, *Ps. lxxi. 6*.

Hung o'er his shoulders, while the rattling shafts
 Clang'd as he flew along inrag'd at heart:
 Sable as night he march'd; and couching close
 Silent behind the ships a shaft he speeds;

56. — the rattling shafts
 Clang'd —]

Ἐκλαυζαν δ' αἶψ' οἱ τοὶ ἐν' ἄμυν χρομήεσσι.

The line in the original admirably by the sound expresses the flying of the exasperated God; and the line soon after,

Διὶ δὲ κλαυγῇ γένει' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο,

inimitably describes somewhat more than the *twang* (as we say, in *English*) of the silver bow. Perhaps the bow being said to be *silver*, may insinuate its being adapted to strike terror in the act of discharging its arrows by the very sound; but it is superfluous to inquire, whether it was *all silver*, or *plated* with such ringing metal, or was left *hollow* in any part, which might further contribute to effect such sound. To wave all this, the *original* plainly intimates, there was a *particular clangor* more than the mere vibration of the string, which could only be said to *twang* a flatter sound. The original line resolves itself into a very like sound in *English* (meaning the former part of the verse), the latter is inimitable by us, the gemination of the sound in ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο wonderfully causing to ring in our ears the humming vibration of the string, lengthened out and loudened by the *silver*, of which the bow in part, or the whole, consisted.

However, the translator has been careful to imitate all along, as near as possible, the sound of the *Greek*, where it could be attempted, as judged necessary in all such lines so strongly expressive of the sense.

59. — a shaft he speeds]
 Horace had good reason to say, in his sublime Ode,
 — metuende certā,
 Phœbe sagittā: Carm. l. i. Od. xii.

Ο Phœbus! σε φοβιδάει μετὰ τῇ ἀνιερῇ ἀκοντί.

65. The hawk, Achilles summon'd all the best;]
 The propriety in making Achilles, rather than Nestor, or Ulysses or Menelaus, as having been versed in *physic*, inquire the cause of the pestilence, is evident at first sight, and is remarked by Dr. Clarke, who cites the Scholiast, &c. to this purpose.]

69. Swift-beed Achilles,]
 Epithets of this nature, taken from some singular endowment of body or mind, are as it were proper surnames of persons. Therefore they plainly trifle who account it a fault in the poet, that Achilles is termed *ωἶδος* *ωἶδης*, swift-beed, as well in the council, as the

Dirē

Dire sounds the clangor of the silver bow!
 And first the mules and the fleet dogs He fell'd;
 Next, at the men more deadly arrows flew:
 Thick flame the pyres of dead with ceaseless blaze.
 Nine days successive dealt the God his shafts;
 The tenth, *Achilles* summon'd all the host;
Juno, the white-arm'd Goddess, rous'd the thought,

field. Euripides, even in tragedy, where the diction approaches nearer to prose, uses the same epithet.

'Αχιλλεύς' ἐν οἷς παῖδά τιν' ἔταχον ὠδῶν,

Ἀχιλλεύς. *Andromach.* γ 1236. (Dr. Clarke).

I have lost my son *Achilles* so fleet of foot, whom I had by you (being the words of *Thetis* to *Peleus*).

I have already presented the reader with a passage from *Pindar*, celebrating the marvellous celerity of *Achilles* from his very infancy, a stripling of six years; and will hazard citing another taken from the same admirable author (to reconcile him, if possible, to an epithet he will so often meet with before he comes to the end of the *Iliad*; or rather to prevent his conceiving at first a disgust, which will not afterwards be so easily conquered). It is a prophecy of *Themis* (the Goddess *Justice*) at the nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, at an assembly of the celestials before *Jove* and *Neptune* in particular (who were each in love with *Thetis*, but prudently in policy forbore each wedding her), that, on condescending to a mortal's bed, she (*Thetis*) should have a son like *Mars* in valour for the deeds wrought by his hands, and resembling the lightning for the active celerity of his feet.

— Ἀρεῖ

χεῖρας ἐναλίγκιον,

σερποταῖσι τ' ἀκμῶν ποδῶν. *Isth. Od. viii.*

And let me add, by way of further apology for hazarding my literal version, swift-bee'd; the epithet cloud-compelling, so generally given to *Jove*, that has so long obtained, at first hearing, though a well-sounding phrase, chiefly through the hyphen, as joined with cloud (a full-toned word) conveys no great idea, but intimates rather that of a shepherd driving his flock, or herd. *Jove* is not rendered awful by the word compelling simply considered in itself; neither is *Achilles* made to look little by the honourable surname swift-footed, or bee'd, so often given him, who on all occasions, when in action, displays such astonishing proofs of a superior valour to all others. I grant indeed in the Book of *Job*, He gathereth the thick clouds, and the like phrases, through a different management and application (which the simple use of

Compassioning the *Greeks* expiring crowds.
Solemn the army throng'd, and all conven'd,
Swift-beel'd Achilles, rising godlike, spoke.

ATRIDES! my presaging soul forebodes,
'Twere best the *Greeks* should measure back the main,
If peradventure we escape this death,
At once consum'd with pestilence and war.
But let some augur, or some priest advise,
Some skill'd Interpreter of dreams, (for dreams
Are sent from *Jove*) to say, why thus incens'd.
Phœbus Apollo burns in wrath; perhaps

cloud-compelling cannot pretend to) presents an idea of majesty, as an act of divine power; and the *Psalmist* pronouncing of the *Almighty*, *Who maketh the clouds his chariot*, is a most sublime imagery, exciting a far higher idea of power than *νεφελώπιστα Ζεύς*, *nubes-cogens Jupiter*, the cloud-compelling *Jove*, *Homer's* epithet, which I have thus anticipated.

72. — *escape this death*,] *Pharaoh* petitions *Moses* and *Aaron* in similar phrase; *Intreat the Lord your God, that he may take away from me this death only* (the plague of the locusts), *Exod. x. 17.*

75. *Some skill'd Interpreter of dreams*,] I refer the reader to *Pope's* critical note on the passage. However, we understand the word *ὄνειδος*, *somniorum Interpreterem*, *some skill'd Interpreter of dreams*, or *some favour'd of the Gods to dream*, in the sense *Pope* would have it taken, it matters not, for we find *Calchas* ex tempore (off hand), without recourse to past, or needing future dreams, presently expounds the true cause of the pestilence, as soon as ever he is indemnified for speaking out by *Achilles*, which he previously intreats before he reveals the mystery.

75. — *for dreams*

Are sent from Jove —]

How consonant is this to Holy Scripture. In brief; witness the dreams doubled to *Pharaoh*, to imply the greater certainty in *Genesis* — the dreams of *Nebuchadnezzar* in *Daniel*, that passage in the sublimest of books, *Job xxxiii. 14, 15, 16. For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, &c.* And accordingly *Milton* makes *Eve* exclaim to *Adam* in the 12th Book of *Paradise Lost. For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise, § 611.*

For slighted vows, or hecatombs ill paid,
Vengeance pursues us, and impatient waits
The grateful incense of choice lambs and goats,
To win him, to withdraw this sweeping plague.

He spoke, and sat; when reyr'ent straight arose
Calchas the best of augurs, *Thestor's* son,
Who knew things past, things present, things to come;
Th' *Achaian* fleet to *Ilium* he had steer'd
By his fam'd art, *Apollo Phœbus* Gift;
Who thus encourag'd, thus embolden'd spoke,

ACHILLES! dear to *Jove*! you charge me tell
84. Who knew things past, things present, things to come;
This line in the original,

Ὁς ἦν τὰ τ' ἰόντα τὰ τ' ἐσόμενα, πρὸ τ' ἰόντα,

is imitated by *Virgil* so constant a copier of his great master, but with inferior beauty, as *Dr. Clarke* observes, who has taken notice all along occasionally of such passages:

—Novit namque omnia vates,

Quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox ventura trahantur.

Virg. Georg. iv. 392.

The *Greek* verse always puts me in mind of that sublime phraseology in the *Revelation* of *St. John*: ὁ ὢν, καὶ ὁ ἦν, καὶ ὁ ἐρχόμενος, which [who] is, which was, and which is to come, ch. i. 8.

88. Achilles! dear to *Jove*!

It is remarkable, that *Homer* makes his heroes most religiously observe their several characteristic titles of honour to each other in the first opening of their speeches, even when two enemies parley before battle, thirsting each other's blood; though they proceed afterwards to the bitterest invectives. This they scarce ever omit to friends or foes. It is an artful address here in *Calchas*, a prophet so famous, who knew so well the will of the Gods, to tell *Achilles* he was beloved of *Jove*, the supreme God.

Thus *Euripides* (in *his Rhesus*) makes *Rhesus* accost *Hector*:
Χαῖρ' ἰδὼς ἰδὼς καὶ, τυράννε τέλει γῆν.

"Exilep ———"

Apollo's

Apollo's anger, the far-shooting king,
 To tell why he is wroth, then hear me speak.
 But first plight faith, and swear your tongue and arm
 Shall both protect me, should, as I suspect,
 A certain great one, of all *Argives* Lord,
 Resent my speech, whose pow'r we all obey.
 For tow'rd's a vulgar and inferior man,
 More violent burns a king's wrath when incens'd;
 And tho' the boiling of his rage o'erflow
 That day, he harbours in his breast a grudge,
 Musing full vengeance: speak, shall I be safe?

BOLD answ'ring the swift-heel'd *Achilles* said, 100
 Fearless expound the truth, and vent it all.
 For, *Calchas*! by *Apollo* Jove-belov'd,

Hail, good *Hector*, then son of a good father, Lord of this earth. To whom *Hector* re-
 plies, in his *Exordium*, no less complaisant:

Παῖ τῆς μελωδῆς μητέρος,

Μουσῶν μίαις. 388 & 393.

O son of a melodious mother, one of the *Muses*! Pope cites hereupon the respectful be-
 haviour of *Adam* and *Eve*, to each other in *Paradise Lost* while yet sinless, in giving
 one another honourable appellations; which it is sufficient here to hint.

89. *Apollo's anger, the far-shooting king.*
 The original sounds very nobly,

Μῆνιν Ἀπόλλωνος, ἐκαστὴν ἀναυχῶς
Apollo, or the sun, is therefore styled (saith *Macrobius*) ἐκαστὸν & ἐκαστὸν, &c.
 at such so great an height and distance darting down his beams on the earth. As by his
 avow, may be understood the power of his rays issuing from him. (Dr. Clarke).
 102. For, *Calchas*! by *Apollo*]
Euripides, in his *Iphigenia in Aulis*, has a parallel passage in the mouth of *Achilles* in
 perfect character, where he swears to *Clytemnestra*, in a long passionate speech, that
Agamemnon about to sacrifice his daughter (whom she intended for his consort),
 should not presume to touch even her garment to hurt her. I beg leave to cite a
 part to my purpose:

ἄλλοι

To

To whom thou pray'st, *divining for the Greeks*, may not
I swear, whilst living I can gaze this earth;
No soul presumptuous with rash heavy hands,
Shall touch thy person at the hollow ships;
No Greek, not Agamemnon's self shall dare
Who boasts He shines supreme of all our host.

EMBOLDEN'D, thus the blameless priest began:

Μὰ τὸν δ' ἡγῶν κορυμνὸν τετραμήλοιο

Νηεῖα φιλῶν ὀϊτίδος, ἢ μ' ἰγνῶσθαι

Οὐχ ἄψεται σὺς Στυγαργὸς Ἀγαμέμνονος ἄναξ,

Οὐδ' εἰς ἄλγαν χεῖρ' οἶσι προσέβαλεν ἄνθρωπος. *948.

By Nereus (I swear) educated in the liquid waters, the progenitor of Thetis who bore me,
king Agamemnon shall not (dare to) touch your daughter, not so much as with the outside
of his hand, no not even so as barely to move his finger to her garments.

The conclusion of the speech is a masterly stroke of self-sufficiency indeed!

Ἄλλ' ἰούχαζε, Σιδιίην πρὸς πῦρ

Μηΐδος, ἢ δὲ, ἄλλ' ὅμως ἡμῶν

But be at ease, I have appear'd for you your greatest God, though in reality I am none;
however, I will prove one to you.

105. — *dead hands*

The propriety of the epithet, *dead hands*, *dead*, applied to hands, common with
Homer, is very obvious. Thus in our translation: I am even consumed by the blow of
thy heavy hand, Pl. xxix. 11. Though the *Norse* version, which may be sup-
posed here nearer the original, omits it, running thus: I am consumed by the blow of
thine hand. This passage is interpreted by *conflictus manus tuæ*, the stroke (or blow)
of thy hand, and by *fortitudine et duritie*, the fortitude (strength) and hardness, all
which senses are answered by *heavy hand*. See p. 144; 5. vol. iii. of the *Poly-*
Bible.

106. — *hollow ships*

This un-striking (un-poetical) epithet, *hollow ships* (being built
hollow for commodiousness of carriage of men and goods) may possibly give dis-
gust to modern delicacy, which often occurs in our authors, and which however,
notwithstanding its simplicity, is adopted by *Pindar*. *Olymp. Ode viii. c. 1.*
καὶ λαύς, ἢ ῥαυτὸν ἵππον, in hollow ship.

109. — *the blameless priest began*

See *Pope's* note on the passage. It is agreed the original word *ἀναισχος*, properly
rendered *blameless*, has a peculiar beauty here; but it is submitted to the impartial

Nor

Nor for vain vows, or licentious ill-paid
 But for his priest whom *Agamemnon* mock'd,
 Disdaining to restore his darling child;
 With gifts of price, tho' fought, repuls'd and scorn'd
 For this, a pestilence the far-shooting pow'r
 Darts, and will dart; not his death-dealing hand
 Will he withdraw, 'till to her well-lov'd fire
 Safe he dismiss the black-ey'd maid in peace,
 Un-ransom'd, without price, and *Chrysa's* rife

reader, whether a regular following whatever epithets occur in the text, according to their natural genuine signification, without absolute authority sometimes to vary the phrase (for it is allowed, the present epithet in some places is put to denote an indefinite quality of mind or body, as suppose *egregious*, *incomparable*, or the like in English) will not on the whole better discover *Homers* true meaning in all such places (not to insist it is necessary to do) than so often omitting to render such epithets, or substituting any other of a different tendency, which at the best is only setting up to be wiser than the original, and giving the venerable antique the spruce air of a modern flash composition.

114. *For this, a pestilence the far-shooting pow'r.]*

I make *pestilence* but two syllables here by a *syncope* (which contracts, or cuts off, a syllable in the middle of a word) so common with *Milton*, all whose liberties, however, are not to be pleaded as authorities for our imitation, as his making so often by a *syncope* two short syllables read as one, as *spirit*, *spir*, though wait at length; and his lines of eleven syllables; being doubtless blemishes (or redundances) in the versification, as when he ends thus — *by whose aid aspiring*, 38. B. i. (*Parad. Lost*) which licentiousness takes from the harmony of the metre by degrading the stately march of the epic measure. However, I judge it advisable not always to omit writing such vowel that is cut off; for the word being supposed to be pronounced quick, adding withal the mark of contraction over it to direct the reader (whose ear alone might supply such want) by such means will sound less harsh.

And give me leave to say, such liberty is very allowable in manly blank verse, whose characteristic is strength with harmony, which should go hand in hand; the very harmony being more conspicuous by a sparing use of the *syncope*, as a judicious discord in music recommends a concord; which is the true reason I apprehend so many lines in *Milton* run not smooth, which by transposing a word (no way affecting the sense or the poetry) would be harmonious. Such seeming negligence therefore was doubtless affected in him, who has sublime beauties to atone for such human errors.

Adorns

Adorns with sacred hecatombs ; thus won,
Thus haply we may pacify his ire.

120

HE spoke and sat, when fraight heroic rose
Atrides Agamemnon, sov'reign king,
Sore troubled ; for his gloomy soul was swol'n
With fury, and his eyes flash'd sparks of fire :

Calchas he ey'd askaunt, and proud bespoke :

125

Prophet of mischief ! ne'er dividing good,
Evil best fitting thy malignant mind,
For good to me thou ne'er didst work, or tell ;

122. — heroic rose.

Atrides Agamemnon, sov'reign king.]

Agamemnon is here painted in a very kingly manner ; and his rising up to speak is very awful, though his greatness is clouded at present by his pride and wrath, which give him a terrible majesty.

The Greek is very fine, highly finished, and worth citing :

— τοῖσι δ' αἰείη

Ἦρος Ἀτρείδης εὐρυκροῖον Ἀγαμέμνον

Ἀχνοῦμος μῦθος ὃ μέγα φρίσι ἀμφιμέλαινας

Πύμπλασι, ὅσσι δὲ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπρόνους ἔειπεν.

The phrase ἀμφιμέλαινας is inimitable here (alluding to the black deadly suggestions arising in the soul of the passionate man), and the rapidity of the numbers in the last line,

— ὅσσι δὲ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπρόνους ἔειπεν,

paints the impetuosity of his wrath, and makes us as it were see the quick flashing of his eyes, blood-shot, as red as fire with rage.

Agamemnon (so kingly drawn all along) appears like himself ; and thus *Euripides* accordingly characterises him in his *Troades*,

Ὁ γὰρ μέγιστος τῶν Παιδῶν,

Ἀτρείδης φίλος παῖς — 7413.

That supreme sovereign over the whole Greek host, *Atreus's* beloved son.

126. Prophet of mischief ! —]

Ahab speaks much in the same note to *Jehoshaphat* concerning *Micaiah* : But I hate him, for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil, 1 Kings xxii. 8.

D

And

And now haranguing 'midst the *Grecian* camp,
 You feign outrageous, the far-shooting God 130
 Show'r's down these sorrows, wroth on my account,
 Loth to dismiss *Chryseis* from these arms,
 Valu'd beyond all ransom; whom I'd fain
 Enjoy at my own dome, and still possess;
 To *Clytemnestra* I prefer this maid, 135
 Whom I espous'd a virgin in her bloom;
 She shines adorn'd with ev'ry female gift,
 Equal in manners, person, mind, and face,
 Yet her I will restore, if best it seem;
 Better the people flourish, than consume: 140
 But grant me a reward, lest I alone
 Of *Argives* all go prizeless, your supreme;
 That were indecent; and ye all may see
 My due reward already is transfer'd.

135. To *Clytemnestra* I prefer this maid.]

One would think *Clytemnestra* had intelligence of this partiality of her kingly lord, and woman-like play'd her cards accordingly; for it is notorious, whom she favoured in *Agamemnon's* absence, as well as the tragical usage he met with on his return to *Mycenæ*.

That passage of *Horace*, though spoken of the passion of *Agamemnon* for another object (*Cassandra*), is also applicable here:

Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho

Virgine raptâ.

Carm. l. II. od. iv.

Atrides, in the midst of his triumph, burned to enjoy the captive maid he had carried off (among the other spoils in war).

Far be it from me to justify *Agamemnon* in such fallies, any more than the tragical fate he met with on his return home from the treachery of his adulteress wife (even admitting her conscious of what was done, and her supposing the worst), though I must praise *Orestes* his son for executing due vengeance on the rank *Ægisthus*; however, I could wish his own mother had fallen. (desperately wicked as she was) by any other hand. As the ghost says to *Hamlet* of his mother: Leave her to heaven! Excuse this digression.

SWIFT-HEEL'D *Achilles* godlike fierce reply'd; 145
 O vainest, lucre-minded Chief of all!
Atrides! how shall the magnanimous *Greeks*
 Give thee reward, since yet we are to learn
 What mighty goods in common still remain?
 The stores of plunder'd cities we have shar'd,
 No reason sure the host should re-imburse,
 But send the maid spontaneous to the God
 Submissive, and I vouch the *Greeks* shall grant
 A sev'n-fold recompence, if haply *Jove*
 Give us to raze proud *Troy's* well-bulwark'd walls. 155

The kingly *Agamemnon* wroth reply'd;
 Not so deceive thyself, however brave,
 Godlike *Achilles*! to supplant me thus.
 Hop'st thou to joy thy prize secure, while I
 Sit down content? wou'd'st have me mine resign? 160
 But say, the *Greeks* magnanimous assign
 A full reward to satisfy my soul,
 'Tis well; if not, by force I will command
 From *Thine*, from *Ajax*, or *Ulysses'* arms
 Your captives, tho' ye storm when I appear. 165
 Hereafter we'll deliberate on this.
 Now haste, and launch into the sea divine

167. — the sea divine
 I have ventured here to translate the words *θαλάσσιον*, the *divine sea*, though the epithet *θαλάσσιον* is commonly expounded here to signify *vast* or *great*: (as *Dr. Clarke* asserts in his note, who renders it *vastum* (vast) and *magnum* (great) judging it an epithet applicable to whatever is uncommonly excellent). But with submission I prefer here the genuine sense of the word *θαλάσσιον*, *divine*, as the *sea* above all things seems to set forth to me beyond all mere earthly things (the *sun*, indeed, and the

The stable vessel, furnish'd with fit oars ;
 Then range our holy hecatomb, and cause
 The rosy-cheek'd *Chryseis* to ascend ; 170
 And some best counsel'd chief shall go as guide :
 Or *Ajax*, or *Idomeneus*, or divine
Ulysses, or *Pelides* ! thou shalt go,
 Dreadest of all men, seeking to appease
 With sacred honours the far-shooting God. 175

SWIFT-HEEL'D *Achilles* with stern glance reply'd ;
 O cloath'd with impudence, gain-seeking king !
 What *Greek* shall heed thy mandates, rise for thee,
 In expedition join, or dare in fight ?
 Not I for selfish views 'gainst warlike *Troy* 180
 Am come, that nation ne'er offended me.
 My beeves and steeds securely fed for them ;

heavenly bodies above excepted) the greatness of *divine power* in the *first cause* thereof; and I may add, in the *due government* of its *mighty waters* by their fabulous beathen *Neptune*.

177. *O cloath'd with impudence, gain-seeking king !*]

If the reader has just admired the delicacy of *Homer's* epithet to paint beauty the rosy- or bloomy-cheek'd *Chryseis* (*Χρυσίδα καλλιπάρηος*) the present line,

ὦ μοι, ἀναιδέην ἔτιμ' ἔτι, καρδαίοφρον,

(*O cloath'd with impudence, gain-seeking king !*) presents as harsh ideas in the most stinging satire ; which, and in such like phrases spoken in *passion*, and therefore excusable, and according to *character*, I see no reason in the *version* to soften. Thus in the *Psalms*, *He clothed himself with cursing*, Ps. cix.

Clytemnestra herself could not have lectured him more severely. I doubt not the learned reader's being ready to apply that strong expression of *Horace* to these jarring princes :

— graveaque

Principum amicitias —

Carm. l. II. od. i.

The heavy-ending friendships of princes ; for their late so firm-sworn friendship in their common league, begins now to feel heavy, and press severely on each.

In

In *Phthia's* populous and fertile soil
 Safe bloom'd the fruits; for num'rous lie between
 Unbrageous mountains, and the sounding sea. 185
 But at thy beck, to sooth thy lordly pride,
 Shameless of brow, dog-fronted! thine we've join'd
 And *Menelaus'* fortunes; for your sakes
 Exacting of the *Trojans* full revenge,
 Which grace affects not thee, all unconcern'd; 190
 And now ingrate! you menace to despoil
 Me of my just reward, by all the *Greeks*
 Unanimous consign'd, by my toil won.
 No equal prize is mine, admit the *Greeks*
 Shall plunder the well-peopled *Troy*. Yet far 195
 The dreadest shock of the impetuous fight,

185. *Umbrageous mountains, and the sounding sea.*] The original line, sounds very pompously, and is admirable for the numbers of the verse:

Οὐραία τι σκυῖονα, θάλασσαί τι ἡχηόσα·

Umbrageous mountains, and the sounding sea.

187. — dog-fronted!]
 κυῖονα, canino-vir-aspectu, dog-fronted; further on, the impudence of this animal is justly specified to lie in his eyes. This fell catachresis contains the most biting sarcasm imaginable; its venom is like that given by a mad dog's tooth; which and such like investives we shall find occasionally repeated; for which I offer here (elsewhere retouched) an apologetic note to justify my version in not softening such bold metaphors when expressly in the text, because they characterise the ungovernable nature of wrath (anger being a short madness) excusable only as spoken in passion. Thus David, by as extraordinary a meiosis, humbling himself beyond measure, calls himself a dead dog, and a flea in the presence of king Saul. After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea, 1 Sam. xxiv. 14. And Mephibosheth, in as extravagant a courtly strain hyperbolical on the other hand, exclaims to David, My Lord the king is as an angel of God: 2 Sam. xix. 27. Which is sufficient to shew the high-flying strain of the Eastern metaphors, and may justify Homer, when he is painting men, as they then were supposed to be, in the extremes of vice and virtue.

These

These hands occasion; still it so befalls;
 Whene'er a booty drops, the prize is thine;
 The richer of the spoils; some trivial good
 Less pleasing do I carry to my fleet,
 Exhausted tho' I am in toils of war,
 But home to *Phthia*, with my crook-beak'd ships
 I'll sail; and ween, un-honour'd as I am,
 You'll sweep small gain and profit by my loss.

PROUD answer'd *Agamemnon*, king of men;
 Go fly! if thus dispos'd as humour prompts;
 I'll not intreat thee for my sake to stay;
 Chiefs yet remain will honour my commands;
 All-provident *Jove's* my friend. Of monarchs all
Jove-foster'd, his prime care, my worst foe's thou!
 Contentions, wars, and broils are thy delight.
 Grant you excel in strength, *God* gave that strength.

199. — *some trivial good*]

Small truly, but what I should resent highly to be robbed of. He terms it small (or trivial); not that he esteemed Briseis of small value, but that a larger and more abundant booty fell ever to the lot of Agamemnon. (Dr. Clarke).

210. *Jove-foster'd, —*]

See *Pope's* note. It appears strange, after so judicious a note, after commending such magnificent epithets (as *διοπατριών βασιλῆων*, *Jove's-foster'd*, or *nourished kings*) agreeable to the *Eastern* style, with submission it appears strange, he has so often neglected translating them.

212. *Grant you excel in strength, God gave that strength.*]

Εἰ μέλα καλλέρος εἶμι, θεός με τοῖς τόγ' ἴδωκεν. † 178.

What fine morality is openly insinuated here by this wisest of all heathen poets!

*Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
 Plinius, ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit. Hor. Epist. B. I. Ep. i.
 Who teaches what is beautiful, what scandalous, what is profitable, and what is not, more
 fully, and in a better way, than Chrysippus and Crantor (professed philosophers, one a
 Stoic, the other an Academic).*

But

But sail for home, thy ships and friends away!
 Go lord it o'er thy *Myrmidons* thy slaves;
 Thee and thy rage I mock at; in my turn
 Now hear my threat, imperious I since from me
Phæbus Apollo my *Chryseis* claims,
 I'll send her with my ships and friends; but hark!
 Myself will challenge, coming to thy tent,
 The rosy-cheek'd *Briseis* for my own;
 Thy dear reward; to let thee know how far
 Myself am thy superior, and to awe
 Whoe'er would rival, and presume compare.

I had forgiven him, had he said *Platone* et *Socrate*, better than even *Plato* and *Socrates*; and I suspect he hints as much, though he forbore naming them.

Osé, God simply, without specifying any particular God, plainly implies *Jove* himself, with his (*Homer's*) suitable idea of him, as the supreme Deity, to whom all others were subservient.

Pindar uses *Osé* simply also in the same exalted sense. How consonant to the doctrine in *Holy Scripture*! It is God that giveth victory in battle—The battle is the Lord's—It is He (God) that girdeth me with strength to war, &c. &c. agreeable to our *Christian* true system? All our sufficiency is of God.

220. The rosy-cheek'd *Briseis*]

Ἐρσηίδα *ῥοδόχρονον*, *Briseida pulchram genas*. The original, commonly interpreted rosy-cheeked in English, intimates a bloom in the cheek rendering it beautiful, which idea is best conveyed by terming it rosy, notwithstanding such phrase in these refined days is supposed to favour of the country, as wanting delicacy. But surely a rose, or carnation blush, the liberal gift of nature, when not too deep, recommends by contrast the snowy white of a fine complexion, and is beyond all the power of abominable paint, however industrious and fashionable, happily to counterfeit. Much less is the human face divine made more amiable when plastered over with a dead white, which gives the idea only of a whitened wall, or some pale-faced virgin's discontented ghost.

It is more difficult to persuade a modern critic to relish the repetition of the same epithet here given *Briseis* as before to *Chryseis* (both often occurring) implying evidently a fine face in each, and particularly a fine complexion almost essential to constitute a fine face (for regular features will hardly atone for want of a good skin), and intimating possibly equal beauty in both ladies, though *Chryseis* is specified to have had

HE

He spoke; sharp sorrow seiz'd *Pelides'* soul;
 His stung heart mus'd within his boiling breast,
 Whether himself, his slaughter'ing sabre drawn
 Forth from his thigh, and bursting thro' the host,
 To slay *Atrides*, with his own right arm,
 Or curb his passion, and restrain his ire;
 His mind and soul thus tortur'd in suspense,
 His ponderous soul he from the scabbard drew,
 When *Pallas* shot from heav'n; in prudent care

black-eyes, which we may suppose in *Briseis* to make her an equal match; the chest, by a common *synecdoche* being put for a whole face.

224. He spoke; sharp sorrow seiz'd *Pelides'* soul;

His stung heart &c.]

The original is wonderfully nervous,

ὦς φάτο Παλλῆϊν δ' ἄχ' ὦ ἦρ'· ἐν δὲ δι' ἥτορ

Στήθεσιν λαοῖσιν ἀσάδιστα μεμυρίζων,

The last word (the former foot being a *spondee* with great judgment) seems to express the inward grumbling of the passionate man agitated by, and a prey to his own fury; divided in his thoughts, whether he should deign to listen to cool reason, or discharge at a venture the thunderbolt of his rage. How much in character this with *Achilles*!

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

Hor. De arte poet.

Daring, passionate, inexorable, severe.

232. When *Pallas* shot from heav'n;]

Here was dignus vindice nodus (a *gordian knot* worthy of a *God* to *unloose*), for had not *Pallas*, (or, the moral taught, cool reason ruled, but I understand it of the Goddess literally, as his own then blinded reason had been insufficient without divine assistance at that juncture) had not *Pallas* (I say) interposed, the impetuosity of *Achilles* must necessarily have transported him beyond bounds forthwith to have slain *Agamemnon* in this his fury. This passage affords a fine scope for a painter's fancy to make a good picture of. But every reader of taste sees one already without lines and colours imprinted in his mind, as strongly represented by the force (the magic) of *Homer's* living poetry. As the judicious *Fronton* opens his jewel of a poem, *De arte graphica* (of the art of painting), with an *Hemistich* from *Horace*,

Ut pictura poesis erit

Poetry should be a very picture.

The

The Goddess *Juno*, grac'd with snow-white arms,
Had sent her in heart's zeal and love to both;
Un-mark'd she seiz'd him by the yellow locks,
Invisible, save to *Pelides'* view. 235

Trembled *Achilles* starting back, to see
Pallas Athene by her air confess
And more than mortal light'ning of her eyes;
And thus aloud these winged words let fly. 240

OFFSPRING of *Ægis-shaking Jove!* vouchsafe,
If come a witness of th' oppressive wrong

240. — these winged words let fly.

ἑτα ὑπερῶνα, verba alata, winged words. Dr. Clarke is content with barely referring us to *Virgil*, whom he cites:

— non replenda est curia verbis,

Quæ tutò tibi magna volant. *Æn.* xi. 380.

The court is not to be filled with your swaggering words which fly so copiously in your present security. Yet this seems not to reach the force of *ἑτα ὑπερῶνα*, winged words.

However, *Virgil's* imitating this spirited metaphor, shews he approved the boldness of it. When I first began this version, till I had translated a book or two, the above and sundry other glowing epithets in *Homer* appeared to me, though agreeably bold according to the oriental sublimity in the *Greek*, too far-fetched and uncouth in *English*; but as I grew better acquainted with the original, I was soon reconciled to such epithets, and never scrupled rendering them faithfully in plain *English*; and I trust the understanding reader on due reflexion will rather bear with them thus rendered, than with modern languid phrases substituted in their stead. This (before hinted) were to sacrifice the air of the antique for a tinsel embellishment.

Pindar has *ὑπερῶνα* — ὕμνον, a winged hymn. *Isth.* Od. v. at the end.

Milton had the above in his eye I doubt not in that passage,

— with speedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd. *Paradise Lost.* B. i. 156.

which by no means however comes up to the spirited term, winged.

241. Offspring of *Ægis-shaking Jove!*]

Αἰγίοχοιο Διός, *Ægiochi*, vel potius *ægidem habentis*, *Jovis*, *Ægis-shaking Jove*. This epithet (so often occurring in the *Iliad*, and used by *Pindar*, and succeeding poets) is a very sublime one, and presents an august idea of *Jove* in an awful attitude, as shaking his *ægis*, or shield, when he encountered and overthrew the rebellious giants; and with which, though quiescent, he is supposed to be perpetually armed to avenge himself on his adversaries. This so formidable *ægis*, or shield, however was supposed

E

Threaten'd

Threaten'd by *Agamemnon Atreus'* son?
 Bold I pronounce, what's certain to befall,
 His soul shall one day perish for his pride.

245

THE sapient Goddess with the azure eyes
Athene made reply; To calm thy wrath
 I'm shot from heav'n (O thou our voice obey).
 The Goddess *Juno* grac'd with snow-white arms
 Hath sent me in heart's zeal and love to both. 250
 Cease then your strife, nor grasp the threatening sword.
 Yet gall him with opprobrious words at will.
 And mark what I pronounce: The time *shall* come
 When splendid gifts a treble recompence
 Shall crouch t'atone this vile oppressive wrong: 255
 Desist then, be advis'd, and yield to us.

SWIFT-HEEL'D *Achilles* answer'd more compos'd;
 Goddess! submissive I obey your charge,
 Impassion'd as I am; for this seems best.
 Who minds the Gods, they'll hearken to his pray'r. 260

HE said, and check'd his up-lift heavy hand.
 As from the silver hilt his pond'rous sword
 Was drawing, and sheath'd close th' enormous blade,

to be made de pelle caprina, of the hide of the goat, that, as some fable, nourished him.
 What a mixture of greatness and littleness in the *heathen* system!

260. *Who minds the Gods, they'll hearken to his pray'r.*]

I exceedingly admire the sound morality of this sentence, and applaud the good sense of *Achilles*, so stomachful and loth to yield, in yielding at last to the Goddess of wisdom, who even commissions and permits him to reproach *Agamemnon*, but cannot be supposed to authorise his exceeding the bounds of truth and decency. Thus we are admonished under the *Christian* system: *Ὀργιζεσθε, ἀλλὰ μὴ ἀμαρτάνετε.* Be ye angry, and sin not, Eph. iv. 26.

Obedient

Obedient to *Athene's* words, who swift
Up to *Olympus* mounting fought the dome. 265
Of *Ægis*-shaking *Jove*, and all the Gods.
Pelides still with fresh invectives keen
Pursu'd *Atrides* with unweari'd ire.

DOG-EY'D, deer-hearted, wine-bibber impure!
Ne'er wast *thou* known to dare the chance of war 270
In common with thy people, or to join
In dauntless ambush, with the choicest *Greeks*;
This had been death to such a dastard mind.
Better, no doubt, to range th' *Æchaian* camp,
To lord it o'er our numbers, and to seize 275
His rights at will, whoever chance t'oppose;

269. *Dog-ey'd, deer-hearted, wine-bibber impure!*]
Here we have another of those many remarkable lines in *Homer* singularly spirited, though it may offend probably in the translation the delicacy of modern ears. How nervous is the original!

Οἰνοβαρὲς, κυνὸς ὀμματαῖ ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο.

Οἰνοβαρὲς, Anglice, *wine-heavy*, or *loaded with wine*, without adding *est* in the version, were to suppose *Agamemnon* *top-heavy*, as we say, at that instant; which cannot be decently furnished. I preferred therefore the *English* word *wine-bibber*, which is now become familiar.

This speech of *Achilles* is in perfect character, and admirable throughout, excusable only, with respect to the matter thereof, as spoken in passion (what I before observed and cautioned), which alone can account for the severity of the satire, both heroes being exceedingly mad and enraged.

Is it not too true a picture of human nature; the great, when overcome by passion, often forgetting their better breeding, and speaking out as coarsely as the vulgar mob?

291. *Shall fall by homicidal Hector's sword,*]

Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνου, homicidam *Hectorem*, *Hector the homicide*, says *Horace*. *Epod. xvii.* But the Roman phrase scarce reaches the force of the Greek word. The scholiast rightly on this passage observes, he hath called *Hector* the homicide here, and neither the brass-armed, or tamer of horses — to strike terror into his hearers. Notwithstanding he was accustomed to use almost constantly these epithets. (Dr. Clarke).

Thou king-destroyer of thy flock ! this wrong,
Atrides ! were thy last, but that o'er slaves
 Thou rul'st. Yet hear me swear this solemn oath,
 Now by this sceptre, which shall never more 280
 Bear leaf or branch, since from the mountains lopt
 It left it's naked trunk ; both leaf and bark
 Barren and dead, smote off by keen brags ax ;
 Which now the judges, the dread sons of *Greece*,
 Zealous to guard their laws deriv'd from *Jove*, 285
 Bear in their hands : this solemn oath I swear !
 When bleeding *Greece*, thro' all her sons shall wail
Achilles' los, and for their fakes intreat
 His presence stung at his departure, *Greece*
 Shall sue in vain ; when dying multitudes 190
 Shall fall by homicidal *Hecktor*'s sword,
 Then shalt thou vex thy soul, abash'd, inrag'd,
 The bravest of the *Greeks* t' have causeless wrong'd.

Thus speaking, hurl'd *Pelides* on the ground
 His sceptre, with gold studs distinct ; and fat. 295
Atrides storm'd ; when *Nestor* warm up-sprung,

296. — *Nestor* warm up-sprung,

The soft-pip'd orator of Pyle, whose words

Sweeter than honey melted from his tongue.]

I cannot forbear citing the original for the music of the lines, v 247.

— τοῖσι δὲ Νέστωρ

Ἡδυπῆς ἀνόρουσι, λιγυρὲς Πυλίων ἀγορητὴς,

Τῷ καὶ δὲ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέει αὐδῆ.

Who observes not how frequently Nestor in Homer preaches up his own virtues ? He was even now living in the third age of men, nor was he apprehensive, in affirming the truth of himself, of appearing too arrogant, or talkative. For, as Homer says, words sweeter than honey flowed from his tongue. (Dr. Clarke citing Cic. De senect.)

The

The soft-pip'd orator of *Pyle*, whose words
 Sweeter than honey melted from his tongue.
 Two ages of articulate-*languag'd* men
 Were past, who liv'd cotemporary with him
 In famous *Pyle*; and now the third he sway'd:
 Who prudent, thus benevolent harangu'd.

300

Gods! what huge woes afflict th' *Acbaian* land!
Priam and *Priam's* sons, and all *Troy* train
 Will doubtless glory, triumphing at heart
 Such jars divide you twain the first of *Greeks*,

305

This puts one in mind of *Horace*, who had plainly this passage in his eye:

— *Nestor* componere lites

Inter *Peliden* festinat, et inter *Atriden*.

Epist. B. I. Ep. ii.

Nestor is impatient to compose the jarrings betwixt *Pelides* and *Atrides* (*Achilles* and *Agamemnon*).

299. Two ages of articulate-*languag'd* men]

Μερόπων ἀνθρώπων, articulata voce-loquentium hominum, *articulate-languag'd* men, here distinguish'd from other animals, as *gifted with speech* to pronounce words *articulately*, distinctly, with fit ideas; if it be understood of *men of different languages*, it will hold true of *Nestor*, who had lived long enough to converse with men of *different tongues*; though his own countrymen, whom he speaks of, cannot be supposed to have changed their mother tongue since the time of his remembrance. The first sense therefore is more likely.

301. — and now the third he sway'd:]

Being about ninety years of age (Dr. Clarke). See *Pope's* note on the place, § 333. of his version.

But, if men will retain the old superstition of *Nestor's* being in his three hundredth year, it will not affect the poetry of *Homer*, though it transgress indeed probability, which there is no necessity here to suppose done, for, according to this modern more accurate computation, *Nestor* will appear full enough of days to be sufficiently venerable, and may be well acknowledged for the *eldest* of all the warriors.

Ter ævo functus amabilem

Ploravit omnes *Antilochum* senex

Annos.

Hor. Carm. l. II. od. ix.

The sage (*Nestor*) who lived three ages, throughout the whole length of his years deplored the loss of his amiable (son) *Antilochus*.

Pre-eminent in council and in war.

Yet, juniors ! be ye won ; let age prevail.

Time was, when I with bolder chiefs than you

Convers'd, who ne'er esteem'd me of small weight.

310

These eyes such heroes ne'er beheld before,

Nor shall again behold, as wide-renown'd

Pirithous, and the shepherd of his men

Dryas, and *Cæneus*, and *Exadius* brave,

And godlike *Polypheme*, and *Ægeus'* son

313

Theseus, resembling the immortal Gods.

Confess'dly these were bravest of earth's sons,

The bravest they, and with the bravest fought,

309. *Time was, when I with bolder chiefs than you]*

This boasting admirably suits an old man, as well as the length of the speech. But Scaliger on the contrary: Nestor (says he) is in the first Book of the Iliad, talkative; in the seventh, no less so; in the fourth, odious; in the eleventh, he grows dull; in the last but one, he even trifles. Poet. lib. v. (What a tasteless-supercilious dog of a critic! but he is ever setting the scholar before his master, the cart before the horse—He smells of his own dung—We know what party he is of—He is beneath criticism in this). However, thanks to heaven! Cicero judged otherwise, and Plutarch, sacred names these! Part of Dr. Clarke's note (except the parenthesis), which my abundant zeal could not refrain from; such reverence do I bear towards his ill-favoured manes. Pardon me this wrong.

Euripides, in his Heracidae, makes Iolaus talk much in the same vein with Nestor:

——— πόνων

Πλείων μετόχον εἰς ἀνὴρ Ἡρακλεῖ.

I have been the only man that has shared very many of the toils with Hercules. And he brags further on of his having been companion to Theseus, when he was shield-bearer to Hercules.

313. — *the shepherd of his men]*

Ποιμὴν λαῶν, ducem populorum (Dr. Clarke) pastorem potius, shepherd of his men. Good kings and honourable rulers of old commonly with Homer are so titled. The Psalmist says, in compliance with such ancient venerable custom, *The Lord is my shepherd*, Ps. xxiii. 1.

315. *And godlike Polypheme,]*

Not the Cyclop (Giant), but a certain commander of the Lapithæ. (Dr. Clarke).

OF THE ILIAD.

The mountain *Centaurs* slaughtering in their ire,
 With these stout worthies leagu'd, I march'd from *Pyle* 320
 So far from *Apia*, won by their command:
 With all my might I battled; such brave chiefs
 No daring mortal now durst meet in fight;
 Yet these my counsels honour'd and obey'd,
 Still the same honour praying for your good. 325
 Nor thou, exalted high in pow'r, deprive
 A warrior of his right, but grant the maid
 Well earn'd, first giv'n him by the sons of *Greece*:
 Nor thou, *Pelides*! gainsay with the king,
 Since never *Jove* like majesty vouchsaf'd 330
 To any sceptre-bearing king; but thou
 Add thou art braver, and of Goddess born,
 He reigns o'er numbers, and excels in pow'r.
 And thou, *Atrides*! calm thy wrath; myself
 Will pray *Achilles* pacify his ire, 335
 The *Grecian* bulwark in this evil war.

IMPERIAL *Agamemnon* wroth reply'd;
 Well spoke, grave sage! advising what is meet;
 But this man fain would all the rest command,
 Lord it o'er all, and king it at his will; 340
 But sure I ween such pride will meet control:
 For grant, th' eternal Gods have made him brave,
 Is he then privileg'd in foul reproach?

GODLIKE *Achilles* interrupting cry'd,
 Well may they call me dastard, of no worth, 345

344. Godlike *Achilles*]

ⓂⓂ *Ἀχιλλεύς*, divinus *Achilles*. I rejoice for the reader's sake and my own too,
 that *Homer* here substitutes this noble noble epithet (*godlike*) for his *Hero*, instead
 Should

Should I let pass each deed that you pronounce;
 Command o'er others, thou command'st not me;
 I slight those orders, I'll no longer brook.
 While this I add, and this lay deep to heart,
 These hands are deedless for a woman's cause; 350
 With thee, with no man will I fight to keep,
 Once giv'n, what ye unjust would force away.
 But mark! what else my swift black vessel holds,
 These shalt thou not remove against my will.
 Advance, make trial, while beholders see 355
 Thy black blood issuing spout around my lance.

THUS jarr'd the chiefs with hostile words, and straight
 The council at th' *Achaian* ships dissolv'd:
Pelides to his tent and well-match'd fleet,

of the late *πόδας ὠκύς*, *swift-heel'd*; the translation of which (so often occurring) sounds so mean in *English*, though I have attempted an apology for it before in a note.

350. *These hands are deedless for a woman's cause*;

The original line is very nervous, and runs off in *dactyles* to express the fury of his rage (as if his pride would fain conceal his own known fondness for his lovely captive):

Χερσὶ μὲν ἔτι ἔγωγε μαχήσομαι, εἵνεκα κέρης,

Pope imagines here that *Achilles* brands the *Greeks* for waging war on account of *Helen*. But it is one thing to wage war for the sake of a ravished wife, and another, on account of a captive given either by lot, or general consent. These hands shall never engage on account of a woman—since ye take from me what ye freely late gave me. (Dr. Clarke).

Achilles speaks much in the same character in his Reply to *Clytemnestra*, whom he cuts off short, after her having display'd herself to be no less than the daughter of *Leda*, *Clytemnestra* by name, and that the *Royal Agamemnon* was her husband:

Καλῶς ἔλεξας ἐν βραχέϊ τὰ καίρια.

Αἰσχρὸν δὲ μοι γυναιξὶ συμβάλλειν λόγους.

Iphig. in *Aul.* § 830.

You have handsomely spoken in brief, what is very seasonable. However it is a disgrace to me to barter words with women.

Stalk'd

Stalk'd with *Menæti*'s son, and with his friends; 360
Atrides launch'd his swift ship in the sea,
 And twenty row'rs he cull'd, and for the God
 Arrang'd his hecatomb, then leading plac'd
Chryseis rosy-cheek'd; and last ascends
Ulysses the wise-thoughted chief their guide. 365
 Boarded, they sail'd along the humid ways.
 Mean while *Atrides* the whole host injoin'd
 The fit lustrations; who, such rites perform'd,
 Cast their ablutions in the sea, and flew
 Along the shore of the unfruitful main 370

366. — *they sail'd along the humid ways.*] ὑγρὰ κίλευθα, *humid ways*. I have ventured a literal translation. It seems *Virgil* here was not ashamed to copy after his master: — qui per maria humida (over the humid seas), which *Dr. Clarke* is content with referring to. *Æn.* v. 594. Now to call a passage over the seas *humid ways*, or to term the seas *moist*, or *humid* (according to *Virgil*), conveys no idea extraordinary, but seems as superfluous as to say a river of water, which however is a familiar phrase. However, the original line well expresses the swift sailing of the ship along the wat'ry surface:

Οἱ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀναβάντες ἐπὶ τὰς ὑγρὰς κίλευθας.

Boarded, they sail'd along the humid ways.

Euripides, in his *Helen*, has a similar phraseology: ὑγροῖσι κλυδωνίοις ἁλός, l. 1225. humidis fluctibus maris, the humid (or moist) waves of the sea:

Further on he has ποταμίων τε χερσὶν ὕδατων, l. 1320. Et fluvialem fluxum aquarum, And the river-stream of the waters. Rivers of waters is a pleonasm (or redundancy), often occurring in *Holy Scripture*, which it is needless to point out.

370. — *unfruitful main]*

ἄλς ἀπρὸς γένοις, maris infructuosi, *unfruitful main*. *Dr. Clarke* cites here the scholiast, who expounds this rather obscure epithet, by indefatigable, and multitudinous (or great); or, as some say, unfruitful; as I have rendered it.

The original seems to hint the sea is not for vintage, meaning it is not fruitful in the same productions as the earth is. For otherwise we find *Homer* elsewhere call it the fishy, or fish-stored deep. ἰχθυόεσσα πόντος, piscosum mare.

Accordingly the *Psalmist* sublimely exclaims: The earth is full of thy riches. So is the great and wide sea also, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts, *Ps.* civ. 25, 26.

Choice bulls and goats *Apollo* to appease,
 All-perfect hecatombs ; in rolling clouds
 The incense wrapt in smoke ascends to heav'n !
 The host thus toiling thro' the camp, mean while
 Dy'd not the strife in *Agamemnon's* breast 375
 Threat'ning *Achilles*, for in burning rage,
Talthybius and *Eurybates* conven'd,
 His faithful heralds, thus he lordly charg'd :

SPEED to *Achilles* *Peleus'* son, go search
 His tent, and seizing by the hand convey 380
 Rose-cheek'd *Briseïs* ; if he refuse, far worse !
 In person I'll command her, back'd with force.

HAUGHTY he spoke, and sent them proud before ;
 Adding a bitter threat'ning in his charge.
 Along the shore of the unfruitful main, 385
 Where lay the *Myrmidonian* tents and fleet,
 They march'd reluctant, and at last arriv'd.
 Him sitting at his tent and fable ship
 They found ; nor joy'd *Achilles* to behold
 Their coming ; they in rev'rence to the king, 390
 Frighted stood motionless, tongue-ty'd, o'er-aw'd !
 His boding soul first breaking silence spoke.

389. — nor joy'd *Achilles* to behold] A fine *litotes*, whereby more is implied than said, as in the third commandment guiltless means exceedingly guilty. It is ironical in sense, as *Achilles* must be sung at heart to madness, instead of rejoicing to see them. There is a parallel place in Scripture: But with many of them God was not well pleased, 1. Cor. x. 5. 390. Frighted, stood motionless, tongue-ty'd, o'er-aw'd !] By this silence they consult more significantly, than by whatever address of words, both for the honour of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, and even for their own safety. As Pope has rightly here observed and M. Dacier. (Dr. Clarke).

HAIL

HAIL, heralds! messengers of Jove and men;
 Advance; *Atrides*, and not you I blame,
 Who tears the maid *Briseïs* thus away.
 Yet haste, divine *Patroclus*! bring the maid,
 Resign her to their care, and witness they!
 Before the blessed Gods, and mortal men,
 Before th' inexorable king! if e'er
 My presence shall be needful to remove

395

400

394. — *Atrides, and not you I blame,*]

Achilles here discovers a *kingly* greatness of soul in this his well-conducted carriage to the *heralds*—(whose persons by the law of nations were held sacred and inviolable), and to me there appears a wonderful art in his calling his darling *Briseïs* (his secret passion for whom his pride would fain disguise before the *heralds*, and keep secret from *Agamemnon*) by the name of *ῥῆς, ῥῆς*, maid, maid (ending even two lines together with that term *ῥῆς* and *ῥῆς*). As if truly he was so conscious of his own worthiness, notwithstanding this vile affront offered him by *Agamemnon*, in commanding away his beloved mistress, that he would rather appear to *sight her*, than *demean himself* by an unmanly tenderness in the eyes of the heralds, as well assured his behaviour in this trying instance would be reported to *Agamemnon*. Yet we well know how justly *Horace* says,

— prius insolentem

Serva Briseis niveo colore

Movit Achillem.

Carm. I. II. od. iv.

The snowy-complexioned *Briseïs*, his (captive) servant, enchanted with her beauty *Achilles* (her lord) lately so arrogant. But his love for his fair captive was but a secondary passion; ambition or glory was his first, the ruling passion of *Achilles*.

399. — if e'er

My presence shall be needful —]

Dr. Clarke here sums up his judicious criticism, as to reading the text, with saying, *Here is a severe menace with a most elegant apophysis*. And indeed how very elegantly does this break in the sense, this most expressive silence leaving the sentence imperfect, figure the wrath of *Achilles* swallowed up with his passion, so as to choak his words; which however the reader can never be at a loss to supply!

Horace might well say,

— gravem

Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii.

B. I. od. vi.

The surly stomach of *Pelides* so abominably loth to yield. The *Quos ego* — in *Virgil*,

F 2

Th

Th' unworthy plague from others ;—Sure he raves
 Mad with destructive counsels, blind to scan
 The present with the future, how to shield
 The Greeks secure, when battling round their ships.

HE said ; *Patroclus his dear friend's command* 405
Obeys, rosy-cheek'd Briseïs brought
 Forth from the tent, and gave her to their charge :
 All speed they to th' *Achaian* fleet return'd,
 And with them march'd the slow reluctant maid.
 Instant *Achilles* wroth in tears retir'd, 410
 Far from his friends, disconsolate and sad ;
 Lone, on the shore of the white foamy sea,

Æn. l. i. 135. is justly celebrated ; *But I'll*—(soon let you know your master, and who carries the trident to humble you). One of the finest *apostrophe's*, is that affectionate one in *holy writ*. *If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace !—but now they are hid from thine eyes,* *Luke* xix. 42. So it should be printed with a dash betokening a rest, in order to be properly read ; though half the pains taken, as is usually spent by the elaborate players (wiser in their generation in this particular, I speak this to the shame of whom it concerns) in studying a favourite passage of *Shakespeare*, or some far less worthy tragedy-writer, half the pains (I say) taken to understand critically in order to do justice in pronouncing the awful words of *Holy Scripture* (which in places is infinitely more susceptible of the graces of elocution than any human composition, as superior in dignity, thought, and matter) would render such printer's help needless. This hint to the credit of the bar and theatre ; and for a spur to our learned respectable alma maters to concert amongst their laudable new regulations, how to raise orators of their own growth, worthy to be leaders in eloquence, to instruct all others, rather than stand in need of being instructed by extraneous members of any other body, any exotic plants whatsoever, not of their own nursery.

403. — how to shield

The Greeks secure when battling round their ships.] This is spoken with vehement emotion. *Agamemnon* hath not yet conceived a scheme in his mind how to repel the *Trojans* that will be ready instantly to attack the *Grecian* fleet, as soon as ever I shall leave him. (*Dr. Clarke*). Which was prophetically said, as it soon after fell out, though the *Trojans* were repulsed at last with much difficulty by the brave laborious *Ajax*.

Surveying

Surveying the black deep, with up-lift hands
To his dear mother, suppliant, he complain'd.

SINCE, mother! of short date you've bore a son, 415
Olympian Jove, loud thund'rer, sure might deign
Some honour in strict justice, yet uncrown'd,
As yet unhonour'd wholly. For behold!
Atreides Agamemnon, high in pow'r,
Dishonouring, hath robb'd me of my prize. 420

416. Olympian Jove, loud thund'rer, sure might deign
Some honour —]

Achilles here intimates his being conscious of the short date of life allotted him, which was his own choice, as preferring glory to length of days undistinguished by heroic actions, although certain to fall at *Troy* (which he had been made privy to by *Thetis*). This rendered his courage more conspicuous in at last going to *Troy*, as *Saul* evidenced his valour and love to his country more signally in fresh attacking the *Philistines* after a revelation from the dead, though it had been thus awfully foretold him. *To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me*, 1 Sam. xxviii. 19. (that is among the number of the dead).

The epithet here given *Jove*, Ζεύς ὑψηλός, is a very awful one (being honoured also with that of Ὀλύμπιος, which specifies his place of royal residence); *Jupiter altitonans*, as it runs in *Latin*, has a squeaking, too shrill a treble sound, not reaching the majestic bass-tone of the Greek sonorous ὑψηλός, that seems to express the deep roaring of the thunder.

The same idea of things made our inimitable *Shakespear* (with respect to us *English*) cry out with a divine *Enthusiasm* (as *Virgil* was doubly inspired when he added in the reading to ære ciere viros, martemque accendere cantu)

— and the thunder

That deep, and dreadful organ-pipe —

Tempest.

Pardon this digression. — *Pindar*, the sublime (herein following the manner of *Homer*) has very august epithets for *Jove*, as ὑψηλός Ζεῦ, in altis nubibus *Jupiter*, O *Jove* high throned among the clouds. *Olymp. Od. v.* Διὸς ἀψιχναύου, *Jovis velociter fulminantis*, vel lucido fulmine gaudentis, glorying in the rapid thunderbolt, or lightening, alluding to its bright glancing light (*Olymp. Ode viii.*) and βαρυδέρας Διὸς, gravisstrepι *Jovis*, of the same meaning as ὑψηλός, deep, or heavy-thund'ring *Jove*. (In the same Ode).

HE spoke tears-show ring, while propitious heard
 His venerable mother from her seat,
 Within the bottom of the sea profound
 Close by her aged fire; who straight all speed
 Emerging from the white wave, as a mist 425
 Up-sprung, and sat before his streaming eyes.
 Soft speech she fram'd, and strok'd him with her hand,
 Piteous, and these assuaging words address'd.
 Why weeps my son? what anguish gnaws thy heart?
 Speak, hide it not from me, but vent thy soul. 430

SWIFT-HEEL'D *Achilles*, groaning deep, reply'd;
 Full well thou know'st! what need of vain harangue?
 To *Thebe*, sacred city of renown'd
Etion, we had march'd, and plund'ring seiz'd
 Her stores divided by th' *Achaian* sons 435
 Orderly shar'd; who for *Atreides* cull'd
 Rose-cheek'd *Chryseis*, but her sorrowing fire
Chryses, *Apollo's* priest, the bowyer God,
 Sought the swift navy of the brass-arm'd *Greeks*

425. *Emerging from the white wave, as a mist*
Up-sprung, and sat before his streaming eyes.

What can present to the imagination a more moving scene, than this lively description of *Thetis* emerging from the sea, and suddenly standing full before *Achilles* to comfort her son, who could not refrain in this solitude from bursting into passionate tears (tears of anger, as *Pope* justly observes) stung at the departure offered him in the loss of his darling mistress, however more nettled in point of honour? This short simile (as a mist) puts me in mind of what *Elijah's* servant says, on the seventh time of going up to mount *Carmel*, upon his return from thence, concerning approaching rain; Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's band, 1 Kings xviii. 44.

With

With gifts of price his daughter to redeem;
 His hands a mitre and gold-sceptre bore;
 Badge of *Apollo*, the far-shooting God;
 And thus he supplicates th' *Achaian* host,
 But chief, th' *Atridae*, the two first in pow'r.
 Shouted the *Greeks* applause; and all agreed
 The priest was to be rev'renc'd, and his gifts
 Receiv'd so splendid, 'till, not so dispos'd,
Atrides Agamemnon, swol'n with rage,
 Bade him retire with lordly threat'ning charge.
 Deep-wroth the sage departed, but his pray'r
 His guardian God benign *Apollo* heard.
 Full at the *Greeks* an evil bolt he shot;
 The shaft-struck people heaps on heaps expir'd:
 For whizzing round, the arrows of the God
 Slaughter'd amain th' *Achaian* numerous host
 Howbeit the conscious fear reveal'd at large
 The purpose of the vengeful shooting king.

440. With gifts of price his daughter to redeem;]
 I need not observe to the reader, here is a repetition of sundry lines that occurred near the beginning of this book. I only fear they will be tedious in the version; though it was my duty to translate what I found in the text. Those who would be thought wiser than *Homer*, may turn to *Pope's* note on the place, where he speaks somewhat disparagingly of his great master with respect to his frequent repetitions, and allows this before us in particular as least excusable, giving thereby a licence by indiscreet concessions to the howling cry of cynical invidious *Zailus's*, who would fain hunt down *Homer*, and reduce him to the beggarly standard of modern excellence and refinement. As those cover an old house with stucco, who cannot afford, or will not be at the charge through penuriousness, to rear a better contrived new one with free (solid) stone.

For my own part, I judge silence in a translator had been more modest, where he knew not how it seems to frame a sufficient apology. But I will not lessen *Homer* by attempting any; for he can speak for himself in his own works, not needing any modern crutches to support him from falling.

Instant:

Infant to sooth the God I first advis'd;
 Wrath seiz'd *Atrides*; furious he up-sprung,
 With threat'ning speech, and has his threats perform'd. 460
 Straight at his word the black-ey'd *Greeks* convoy
 The maid to *Chryses* in the swift sail'd ship,
 Loaded with off'rings to the kingly God:
 Just left my tent, the heralds bore away
Brises' fair daughter, giv'n me by the *Greeks*. 465
 But thou! now aid thy son, if might is thine,
 Ascend *Olympus*, pray to *Jove*, if e'er
 By word or deed *Jove's* heart you joy'd: for oft
 I've heard you glory, in your father's dome,
 Boasting you, sole of all th' immortals, sav'd 470
Saturnius, the black cloud-compelling pow'r,
 From an unworthy evil; what dread time
 Other celestials fondly meant him bonds,

461. — the black-ey'd *Greeks* —]

Ἑλίκωνες Ἀχαιοί, *nigris-oculis Achivi, the black-ey'd Greeks*. It is granted here (as elsewhere) is an *epithet* no way pertinent to the passage in question, but descriptive only of a people, thus to advantage painted by their countryman poet. What then? It was not my place to depart from the text. I have not so learned *Homer*, if I may so speak with reverence. And if I were to surmise, *Homer* meant to insinuate thereby that *Achilles* could not refrain from praising the *Greeks*, his hatred being to *Agamemnon* properly; or, that the *epithet* intimates some of the handsomer *Greeks* (who might be supposed *black-eyed*) were to decorate the train attendant on *Chryseis* for pomp-sake; or lastly, that the *epithet* figures forth the excellent beauty of the commanding chiefs that went themselves, *Ulysses*, &c. who were glorious in personage. Were I gravely to assert all this, it were no more far-fetched than what is usual among our ablest commentators on old authors, and even on *Homer* himself.

473. — meant him bonds,]

Ὅπποτε μιν ἐνδύσαι —

399.

It is most probable this story is not feigned by *Homer*, but taken rather from the ancient philosophers, who are wont to teach the changes of the elements, and the manner of the formation of natural things under the disguises of such like fables. However, a more sub-
Pallas

Pallas Athene, Juno, Neptune, leagu'd.

Thy presence, Goddess! free'd him from those chains

475

At thy approach; conven'd by thy command,

The hundred-handed to Olympus high

Came, whom the Gods Briareus call, but men

Ægeon, in his might beyond his fire.

rile and exact explanation of such fables conduces very little to the better understanding thereby the poetic ornament, the graces of poetry. (Dr. Clarke).

474. *Pallas Athene, Juno, Neptune —*

By an admirable artifice, those are here mentioned to have been enemies to Jove, who now stood on the side of the Greeks; and that they (the Greeks) might be punished, Thetis is sent to petition. (Dr. Clarke).

477. *The hundred-handed to Olympus high*

Came, whom the Gods Briareus call, but men

Ægeon, —

Et centum-geminus Briareus —

Æn. vi. 287.

Ægeon qualis, centum cui brachia dicunt,

Centenasque manus. —

Æn. x. 566.

It appears to me to be thus: The names that were in use among the more learned, were attributed to the Gods; but such as were more trite, worn by the vulgar (were attributed) to men. (The conclusion of Dr. Clarke's critical note on the place).

What is said of this hundred-banded Giant affords room for the imagination to make a terrific picture of him; and his valour is deservedly honoured and crowned by Jove for his then good services to him at such perilous juncture.

479. — in his might beyond his fire.]

He was braver than his father Neptune. But there have been some who have read this passage thus: For he was much superior in strength to all those that inhabit beneath the wide gloomy Tartarus. (Dr. Clarke referring us to *Eust. &c.*)

This Giant is honourably with others mentioned by Hesiod, in his *Theogony*:

Εὐθα Γύγης, Κότις τε, καὶ ὁ Βριάρεως μεγάρυμος

Ναῖουσιν, φύλακες πύλαι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.

† 735.

There dwell Gyges, Cottus, and the magnanimous Briareus, who were the faithful guards of Ægis-shaking Jove. And soon after he is styled, by way of eminence, Βριάρεως γα μὲν ἦν ἰούλα. The incomparably valiant Briareus. † 817.

Nothing is more notorious than our *Hammered Milton's* having had *Hesiod's* *Theogony* in his eye in his account of the battle of the warring Angels, in his sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, who in many particulars copy his encountering Giants.

G

Who,

Who, crown'd with glory, by *Saturnius* fat. 480
 Him dreaded the blest Gods, and drop'd their chains!
 Charge him remember this; sit by him, grasp
 His knees, if gracious he will deign to aid
 The *Trojans*, and shut close within their holds,
 Forc'd to the sea th' *Achaïans* slaughter'd round; 485
 That all may to their cost enjoy their king,
 And *Agamemnon Atreus'* son may know
 His pride the best of *Greeks* has shameless scorn'd.

HER tears thick-show'ring, *Thetis* sad reply'd;
 Ah me, my son! why have I nurs'd thee, born 490
 To wretched destiny? wou'd heav'n! you'd rest
 Safe at your fleet, secure from grief or harm;
 Seeing thy life is short, and narrow-span'd,
 Certain to die untimely; of mankind
 The first in sorrows; to an evil fate 495
 I bore thee in our house: with these words big,
 Instant I'll seek the thunder-loving *Jove*,
 Mounting *Olympus*, capt with depth of snow,

What then? has not *Virgil*, the nearest in excellence to *Homer*, copied more freely from *Homer*?

Perhaps our incomparable *Spenser* and *Shakspear*, our *English* *Phoenixes*, are the nearest originals of all our modern bards, and in their several ways (excepting their *incorrectness*) may challenge any of the *ancients* with proper allowance for an *inferior* tongue.

497. — the thunder-loving *Jove*,

Mounting Olympus, capt with depth of snow,]

We have in the former line an awful epithet applied to *Jove*: Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ, *Jovi gaudenti-fulmine, thunder-loving Jove* (who was lately honoured with that of μελαίνεψι Κρονίων, *atras-nubes cogente Saturnio, the black-cloud-compelling Saturnius*), and a descriptive one in the latter of *Olympus*, Ὀλυμπον ἀγάνιστον, *Olympum valde-nivolum, Olympus capt with depth of snow*, in this affecting consolatory speech of

If

If haply he'll be won; but thou mean while
 Repose thee at thy speedy-sailing ships,
 Be wroth at all the *Greeks*, and give up war.
 For yester morn *Jove* to the ocean march'd,
 To grace a feast among the blameless race
 Of *Æthiopians*; follow'd all the Gods.

Thetis to her son. *Hesiod* has a like epithet (as mostly he adopts the same) with this of *Homer*:

Ἀθανάτων, οἱ ἔχουσι κάρη νιφόωντο· Ὀλύμπου.

The immortals who inhabit the summits of the snowy Olympus.

Theogony, § 794.

Our *Homer's* epithet here betokening only a more intense degree, *exceedingly snowy*, testifying the immense height of *Olympus*.

Milton has a fine allusion hereto (speaking of the vanity of the late-invented heathen Gods), in the first book of his divine *Paradise Lost*, B. I. 314.

So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Crete*

And *Ida* known; thence on the snowy top

Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle air

Their highest heav'n:—

Milton's Periphrasis above (*the snowy top of cold Olympus*) given *Jove's* imaginary heaven, reminds me of a very emphatic epithet of *Euripides* applied to *Parnassus*, νιφοβόλοιο Παρνάσσου, *the exceedingly snowy*, or *snow-pelted Parnassus*. *Phœniss.* § 214.

Ἴν' ὑπὸ δαρᾶσι νιφοβόλοιο

Παρνάσσου κατοικήσω.

Ut sub jugis nivosi (perciti potius, vel onerati, nive) Parnassi degerem, *Oh! that I might live under the summits of the snow-pelted or snow-covered Parnassus.* On which passage a profound critic of true taste might thus learnedly argue in profitable wise.

Mark, reader! the mad wish of the speaker coveting to live in a climate (and under a barren rock withal without bed or bolster), where the air from the beginning has been so freezing cold and snowy, that few bards (the best having often fared the worst) have been able to keep themselves warm; the epithet νιφοβόλοιο, in the very Letter implying their having been so pelted with snow-balls, notwithstanding all their hot fits of enthusiasm (snow being both heating and chilling), and their boasted sunshine of inspiration from *Phœbus*, God of the snowy mountain.

503. To grace a feast among the blameless race

Of *Æthiopians*;—]

I refer the reader to *Pope's* ingenious note, and to *Dr. Clarke's* on the place, who concludes his critical remarks with a kind of answer to *Pope's* inquiry. On the

The twelfth, to high *Olympus* he'll return; 305
 Then I'll be present at *Jove's* brazen dome,
 Embrace his knees, ne'er doubting to be heard.

SPEAKING she vanish'd, leaving him enrag'd
 Heart-stung with anguish for his neat-zon'd maid,
 Sore 'gainst his will with violence born away. 510
 Meanwhile *Ulysses*, *Chrysa's* port profound,
 Bearing the sacred hecatomb along,
 Now reach'd; where enter'd, furl the crew their sails,
 And range them in the fable ship, then shove
 The mast unto it's station, quick let down 515
 By cables with all speed, and move with oars
 The vessel to it's place; which now all hands,
 Forth cast their anchors, with firm halfers bind.

whole truly, it is clear, that all these things are related as done, even throughout, in the spring-season. For the fourteenth book, 9152—348. is wholly to be understood as a description of the spring.

506. — *Jove's brazen dome,*] *Χαλκοῦς δῶ,* ære-fundatam domum, brazen dome, permanent in its duration, not solid: as M. Dacier has rightly observed. Although the ancients believed the heaven to be even solid (as to the matter of its substance). Dr. Clarke. For which reason I prefer *brazen* to *brass-built*, as not really brass, but called *brazen*, in being durable as if built of brass. Thus Pindar has a similar explanatory passage. Nem. Od. vi.

ὁ δὲ χαλκοῦς ἀσφαλὶς αἰὲν ἰδὼς
 μένει ἑρπύς —

At æreum cœlum firma (vel secura) semper sedes manet. But the brazen heaven abides for ever an inviolable mansion of safety. He says elsewhere, *χαλκώπειδον θεῶν ἰδραν*, deorum sedem, æreum pavementum habentem, the mansion, or seat of the Gods, having a pavement of brass. Isth. Od. vii.

518. Forth cast their anchors,—]

With most admirable artifice the poet, both here and elsewhere in his narration of minute particulars, finishes each sentence in so many several verses. Which always in a narration more sublime, is very far from being his method. (Dr. Clarke).

Forth now they walk in order the sea-shore,
Forth to *Apollo* the far-shooting king, 520
 Display their hecatomb; while *Chryseis* last
Forth slowly march'd from the sea-sailing ship.
 Now sage *Ulysses* leads her to the fane,
 And to her dear lov'd father's longing hands
 Restores her, whom o'er-joy'd he thus address'd. 525

SEE *Chryses*! *Agamemnon*, king of men,
 Sends thee thy child all speed by me, and adds
 A sacred hecatomb to *Phœbus* vow'd,
 A sacrifice from *Greece* t'appease the king,
 That on our *Argives* show'rs such deep-felt woes. 530

SPEAKING he gave her to his arms; the fire
 Transported clasps his darling child; and now

I much admire the delicacy of the remark, and have endeavoured to imitate the beauty of the *original*, which begins *four* lines together with the same word *Ex*, signifying *forth*, by repeating it in the *version* as well as I could bring matters to bear in *English*. Such method of narration paints out the things represented in the liveliest manner possible, and the reader is thereby made as it were to see the whole procession without the need of lines and colours, those visible ornaments of painting, to set off *Homer's* more expressive poetry, that is equally, or more entertaining to the mind's eye than her twin-sister (*painting*) is to the eye of the body.

Dr. *Clarke* remarks the beauty of the last line of this passage:

Ἐκ δὲ Χρυσηΐδος βῆ νεοκρονόμοιο.

— *Chryseis* last

Forth slowly march'd from the sea-sailing ship.

In this verse the very numbers paint the maid's marching slowly and reluctantly along. (Dr. *Clarke*).

All the feet being *spondees* but one, of course conduce to this end; but the expressive word *βῆ* implies an halt, a considerable stop; and the *dactyle*, in the concluding word *νεοκρονόμοιο*, intimates to me *Chryseis's* making some necessary speed at last, when she found there was no avoiding going.

They

They haste the splendid hecatomb to the God
 Orderly round the well-built fane to range.
 Their hands then wash'd, they took up salted cakes, 535
 When *Cbryses* pray'd aloud with palms up-lift,

O THOU that shieldest *Cbrysa* with divine
 Fair *Cilla*, ruling *Tenedos* with might,
 God of the silver bow, propitious hear!
 For gracious hast thou heard me in my pray'r; 540
 Me thou hast honour'd, harassing the *Greeks*;
 Now piteous, soften'd, grant this alter'd wish,
 Oh free the *Greeks* from thy avenging plague!

HE spoke in pray'r, *Apollo Phæbus* heard;
 They after pray'd, and cast their salted cakes; 545
 First they the sacrifices slew, and slay'd,
 Twisting the neck behind; the sever'd thighs
 Then carv'd with double cauls, envelop'd round,
 They cover'd o'er with fat; from ev'ry part

545. *They after pray'd, and cast their salted cakes;*]

This passage has been to me the most disagreeable task to translate of any in the whole *Iliad*, nor shall I wonder if the reader pronounces me a very bad cook of the words. I refer the curious to *Pope's* whole note on it, as worthy his attention, as affording so good a light to so obscure a passage replete with ancient (long since antiquated) customs. (See his note on ♣ 600. *the sacrifice*).

Yet are the lines nervous in the original, and savour nothing of meanness, to which I refer the learned peruser, beginning ♣ 458. The second line in particular,

Αὐτοὶ ἵππων μὲν πεῖρα, καὶ ἱερῶν, καὶ ἰδίων.

(*Twisting the neck behind, they slew, they slay'd*)

admirably represents the toil and labour they were at in bending the beasts necks backward to slaughter them first, and after to flay off their hides.

Virgil was not ashamed to imitate even this, seeming to reverence indeed every thing in *Homer*. *Dr. Clarke* cites it at length, to which I refer the curious, in the original, *Æn.* i. 214.

Culling rich gobbets on the thighs dispos'd. 550

The sage then burn'd clove wood, and copious pour'd

In pure libation, cordial, fable wine;

While round the youths held sharp five-pointed forks.

The thighs thus burnt, they on the entrails fed;

Then slic'd the rest, with forks transpierc'd they roast 555

Dextrous; and snatch up all with eager speed.

Their task thus finish'd, and prepar'd their feast,

Each joyous soul their equal banquet shar'd.

And now, of drink and food the keen desire

Suffic'd, the youths, the goblets crown'd with wine, 560

552. — cordial, fable wine;]

αἰθονα οἶνον, nigrum vinum, fable wine, as Dr. Clarke renders it, § 462.

I have taken the liberty to put two epithets, including both senses, according to the different opinions of expositors. Dr. Clarke, in his note, cites Gellius and Macrobius, who seem to think it is termed *αἰθονα οἶνον*, generous or cordial wine from the degree of heat, or quality the wine was of, as the original term may be supposed to imply. Yet the idea of fable, which I have also added, intimates something of awe proper to the solemnity; and such wine might well be both black in colour, and withal of a cordial hot quality.

559. And now, of drink and food the keen desire

Suffic'd, the youths, the goblets crown'd with wine,]

Our Milton imitates the simplicity of the first line,

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσει καὶ ἰδντο καὶ ἔσπον ἔντρο.

And now of drink and food &c.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,

Not burden'd, nature —

Rev. 452.

Speaking of Adam and Eve regaling their angel visitant with a rural feast of fruits worthy of Paradise, and crushing for drink, the grape's inoffensive must; but in the second line — the youths the goblets crown'd with wine. Perhaps from such frequent passages Horace pleasantly said of our venerable old bard, *Ληυδibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.*

Which word *vinosus* I abominate. Horace for, if he meant it not in a qualified sense; Homer every where inculcating good morals in his *Iliad* throughout; he being of a different complexion from him, who honestly subscribes himself *Epicuri de grege portum*, an hog of Epicurus's herd; and who seriously elsewhere says of our bard, *Qui*

Obsequious

They haste the splendid hecatomb to the God
 Orderly round the well-built fane to range.
 Their hands then wash'd, they took up salted cakes,
 When *Cbryses* pray'd aloud with palms up-lift. 535

O THOU that shieldest *Cbrysa* with divine
 Fair *Cilla*, ruling *Tenedos* with might,
 God of the silver bow, propitious hear!
 For gracious hast thou heard me in my pray'r; 540
 Me thou hast honour'd, harassing the *Greeks*;
 Now piteous, soften'd, grant this alter'd wish,
 Oh free the *Greeks* from thy avenging plague!

HE spoke in pray'r, *Apollo Phæbus* heard;
 They after pray'd, and cast their salted cakes; 545
 First they the sacrifices slew, and flay'd,
 Twisting the neck behind; the sever'd thighs
 Then carv'd with double cauls, envelop'd round,
 They cover'd o'er with fat; from ev'ry part

545. *They after pray'd, and cast their salted cakes;*

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(Twisting the neck behind, they slew, they flay'd)

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559. And now, of drink and food the keen desire

Suffic'd, the youths, the goblets crown'd with wine,]

Our Milton imitates the simplicity of the first line,

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πρὸς δαίμονα καὶ ἰδνύον ἐξ ἔπον ἔτρο.

And now of drink and food &c.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,

Not burden'd, nature —

R. V. 452.

Speaking of Adam and Eve regaling their angel visitant with a rural feast of fruits worthy of Paradise, and crushing for drink, the grape's inoffensive must; but in the second line — the youths the goblets crown'd with wine. Perhaps from such frequent passages Horace pleasantly said of our venerable old bard, *Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus*.

Which word *vinosus* I abominate. Horace for, if he meant it not in a qualified sense; Homer every where inculcating good morals in his *Iliad* throughout; he being of a different complexion from him, who honestly subscribes himself *Epicuri de grege porcum*, an hog of Epicurus's herd; and who sctiously elsewhere says of our bard, *Qui*

Obsequious

Obsequious offer round their free-dealt bowls
 Th' *Achaian* youths the live-long day with song
 Hymning glad *Pæans* pacify'd the God;
 Resounding the fat-shooter now well-pleas'd.
 Now set the sun, and spreading darkness gloom'd,
 When the ships' halbers round they slept secure,
 But when the daughter of the dawn shone forth,
Aurora rosy-finger'd, back they sail'd

quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, Plinius ac melius *Chrysippo* ac *Crantore* dicit (which I cited before, and rendered in *English*).

The phrase therefore, *vinisus* above, implies only a social heart, a lover of mirth and good humour in good company, and countenances (justifies) only innocent merriment over flowing cups used with moderation.

Dr. Clarke cites here *Horace's* contemporary poet *Virgil's* imitation of this circumstance, the last line of which is, *Crateras magnos statuunt, et vina coronant, They set before them huge goblets crown'd with overflowing wines.* Yet hath not that *Augustan* wag dared to tax the sober *Maro* with intemperance, notwithstanding the abundance of wine which is implied by the mention of the capacious goblets. But *Horace* well knew his masters. He hath sooth'd *Virgil* in a fine Ode, sorrowing for his lost friend *Quintilius*: *Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor urget?* And does an everlasting sleep oppress *Quintilius* (held in the bonds of death)? Adding, when about to conclude, *Quod si Threicio blandius Orpheo, &c.* But admitting (saith the Parasite) that you do touch the harp more ravishingly than the *Thracian Orpheus*, &c. B. I. Ode xxiv.

In brief; *Homer* was dead, and *Virgil* was living. He who was capable of writing, *Qui Bavius non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi?* (*He that abominates not Bavius, let such love thy (equally vile) verses, Mævi!*) And — non tu, indocte! solebas Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen? (*Thou blockhead! wast not thou used, according to thy old custom, to murder some wretched ballad in some three-lan'd street with thy squeaking straw-pipe?*) He who could thus ludicrously lash in the most venomous satire, the most miserable of all scribblers, could doubtless, if provoked to it, have found a rent even in *Horace's Parnassian Cloak*, on seeing of which exposed, his comrades might have cried out to him in his own words, — risum teneatis, amici? *My Friends! can ye stifle your laughter?*

567. But when the daughter of the dawn shone forth,
Aurora rosy-finger'd, —]

The *Greek* line (too comprehensive to be comprized in one in *English*) is one of those very many beautiful verses in *Homer* so worthy to be cited:

And

And swiftly join'd th' *Achaian* num'rous host.

Apollo, the far-shooting God vouchsaf'd

Ἡμῶ δ' ἡγήμενα φάει ποδῶδαι' ἥλιος,

But when the daughter &c.

The elegant *Anacreon* has this beautiful epithet ποδῶδαι' ἥλιος (*rosy-finger'd*) to *Aurora* from *Homer*: ποδῶδαι' ἥλιος μὲν ἥλιος, the *rosy-finger'd Aurora*, where it is remarkable he begins also the two following lines with compound words, the former part of both which are the same as the first part of the epithet. In *Rosam*, 53.

ποδῶδαι' ἥλιος —

ποδῶδαι' ἥλιος μὲν ἥλιος,

ποδοπήχεις δὲ Νύμφαι,

ποδοχῆς δὲ Κέφροδι.

Aurora truly is *rosy-finger'd*, and the *Nymphs* are *rosy-elbow'd*, and *Venus* is *rosy-complexion'd*.

The *Nymphs* being styled above *rosy-elbow'd* (or *arm'd*), though there is a reddish tinct on the elbow to fix the term there, and *Venus* being the *rosy-complexion'd*, &c. alludes to the *rosy bloom* in a perfect beauty (*Anacreon's* subject being a *rose*). Hence *Horace* celebrates the cervicem roseam *Telephi*, the *rosy neck of Telephus*; a tincture of redness being transparent through a fine complexion, impurpling as it were (*rosy-fying*) the white, as in the cheeks particularly, with the glow of health.

Hence *Milton's* most happy expression. *Paradise Lost*, B. viii. 618.

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd

Celestial rosy-red —

570. *Apollo*, the far-shooting God vouchsaf'd

A prosp'rous gale: —

Before I descend to particulars on this finished passage, I observe in general that the lines in the original regularly following that just cited (signifying the shining forth of *Aurora*) so wonderfully in their flow describe the ship's gallant riding over the waves of the ocean, that I must beg leave to transcribe them intire:

Καὶ τότε ἔπειτ' ἀνέγοντο μετὰ σπῆντι κύμα' Ἀχαιῶν.

Τοῖσιν δ' ἤμενος ἔρει τοι ἐκάργον Ἀπόλλων.

Οἱ δ' ἰδὲν εἶσαν, ἀνὰ θ' ἰδὲν λαοὺς πτόσσονα.

Εὐ δ' ἀνέμῳ πρῶτον μίτον ἴσιος, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα.

Στήρη πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε, τοὺς ἰδὲν.

Ἢ δ' ἴδεν κατὰ κύμα διαπρήσσουσα κίευντα.

Beginning at line 568 of the version — back they sail'd, and ending with, Skimming the surface of the founding surge, l. 575.

The last line in the *Greek* seems to me to express the singing hiss-like sound of the ship in full sail (there being many *Sigmas* answering to the hissing letter S), and the

H

A pro-

A prosp'rous gale: at once they rais'd the mast,
 Spread their white sails, which the full-blowing wind
 Wide swelling belly'd, as the purple wave
 Round the ship's keel resounded as she pass'd,
 Skimming the surface of the bounding surge. 575
 Their huge *Greek* host now reach'd, they haul'd to shore
 Their sable ship high-rais'd upon the sand,
 Shov'd by long rollers: then the toiling train
 Scatter'd retiring to their tents and fleet.

SWIFT-HEEL'D *Achilles*, *Peleus'* godlike son, 580
 Burn'd yet in wrath, to his quick-sailing ships.

four last words, all ending in *Alpha* (our *A*) paint by their *unisons* the regular even skimming of the vessel along the surface.

The particulars I hinted at are two singular epithets here occurring: That given to *Apollo*, ἰσχυρὸς Ἀπόλλων, longe-jaculans, the far-shooting *Apollo* (as here by Dr. Clarke it is rendered as commonly interpreted), methinks may yet imply here the great pains *Apollo* was at, ἰσχυρὸς, literally implying it, *vultu laborans*, hard-toiling (in return for his having been so handsomely *pass'd*), to accelerate the progress of the ship. For, though nothing is difficult on occasion to a God, yet *Homer's Gods* are occasionally represented as taking great pains to accomplish their wills. But had I so turned it in the version, I was apprehensive it would not so properly have characterised *Apollo* to have called him the hard-toiling God (it had better suited *Vulcan*), notwithstanding the passage implies as much, who is mostly termed οὐκιστὸς Ἀπόλλων, or at the end of many lines ἰσχυρὸς Ἀπόλλων, *Phœbus Apollo*, or the far-shooting *Apollo*.

The other unusual epithet here, is given the waves of the sea αἰμαίνω—πορφύρεον, *fluctus ater* (the black wave), as commonly rendered, but literally *purpureus fluctus*, purple wave, which, on due weighing the point, I preferred as right, for this reason, as I imagine *Homer* might intend thereby to represent the reflexion of the sun-beams on the opening billows blushing therefore with a red or purple gleam (the rising of the rosy-finger'd *Aurora*, or breaking forth, having been just before pompously so painted). Otherwise, I acknowledge I can see no fitness in this new epithet (*purple waves*), being of a different hue from the common ordinarily established ones so usual with *Homer* applied to the ocean.

[580. Swift-heel'd *Achilles*, *Peleus'* godlike son.]
 This line (which is a nervous sounding one in the original in spite of that *draw*—
 Retir'd;

Retir'd; in shining council never seen
 Or fight; while still his hot heart he consum'd
 In fullen mood there fix'd; tho' thirsting keen
 The shout of war and battle. But what time
 The twelfth morn' shone, the ever-being Gods
 Match'd in a body to Olympus: Jove
 Preceded; nor had *Thetis* yet forgot
 The mandates of her son, but quick emerg'd
 From the sea-wave, and mounted in the morn'
 The heav'n, immense Olympus, where she found
Saturnius, the loud thund'rer, sole withdrawn,
 Sublime on high Olympus' hundred tops.

back in the version, in rendering *ωδὸς ἀνδρῶν* in English) briefly characterises *Achilles* with respect to the titles of his name.

592. *Saturnius, the loud thund'rer*—*ὠκυμένης Κρονίδης*, late-sonantem Saturnium (*Saturnius, the loud thund'rer*), some expound it, wide-surveying, others, loud-foaming with the voice, loud-thundering. (Dr. Clarke).

I have preferred the last sense, as the most noble. *Thunder* is sublimely called, in holy writ, *the voice of the Lord*, but I do not find it among the *heaven* pantheon expressly termed the voice of *Jove*; though by thunder the fabulous *Jupiter* was supposed to signify his pleasure. May I presume to surmise, after all, possibly the epithet *ωκυμένης* may be interpreted to signify large-fronted, large fronte insignis, as *Jove* is here drawn in still life with a serene majesty, as yet; as *Milton* speaks of *Adam*, yet unfallen in *Paradise*:

His fair large front, and eye sublime declar'd

Absolute rule—

Par. Lost, B. iv. p. 300.

I prefer still the expounding of the epithet by *thundering*.

593- Sublime on high Olympus' hundred tops.]

Ἀποτάτης νερούφι μελιδυμένῳ Ὀλύμπῳ.

Sublime &c. or, On hundred brow'd Olympus' highest top.

Homer seems to labour in the last building of this verse to shadow out the height of Olympus. Though the text specifies not how many tops crowned the head of the immense Olympus; yet, I hope, it is excusable, agreeable to the old notion, to represent them an hundred. The whole passage is wonderfully fine, and figures forth

She sat before him, and his knees she grasp'd
 With her left hand, and with her right his chin;
 And thus implor'd the king *Saturnian Jove*.
 O father *Jove*! if e'er my humble aid
 By word or deed among th' immortal pow'rs
 Could profit, oh accomplish this my pray'r!
 Honour my son, the shortest-liv'd on earth;
 Ev'n now hath *Agamemnon* king of men
 Disgrac'd, and proudly robb'd him of his prize.
 But thou, *Olympius*! O most sapient *Jove*!
 O thou vouchsafe to honour now my son;
 So long give *Troy* to conquer, 'till the *Greeks*
 Shall honour, and heap glory on my son.

SHE said; but lo! the cloud-compelling *Jove*

Sat silent a long space without reply;

While *Thetis* still fast clinging grasp'd his knees,

Jove to great advantage, as superior to all the other Gods, and now retired from them, as amply content with his own thoughts, in a consciousness of his own pre-eminent majesty.

It is observable here, *Homer* accumulates very awful epithets to render *Jove* more venerable, as *Δία Κρονίων Δαυκτα*, *Jove*, the *Saturnian* king. *Ὀλύμπιος*, *παντὶν Ζεῦ*, but thou *Olympius*, O most sapient *Jove*! and *νεφελώγεττα Ζεῦ*, the cloud-compelling *Jove*, is repeated twice within a few lines: and all this is preparatory to raise our ideas to the utmost height, he being about to paint him in all his majesty of terrors, when he is giving his nod to the suit of *Thetis*, that shakes the whole circumference of *Olympus*. But I will not antedate the beauties of that most sublime part we are hastening to.

606. — glory on my son.]

Thetis here, as delighting in the sound, thrice repeating the darling name of son, *Achilles*'s life being so exceedingly precious to her, as seeing his death (fated to be so very short-lived) ever before her eyes, may put the reader in mind of *David*'s affectionate lamentation over *Abfalom*; thus exclaiming in the most passionate apostrophe to the dead, O my son *Abfalom*! my son, my son *Abfalom*! would God I had dy'd for thee, O *Abfalom*, my son, my son! 2 Sam. xviii. 33.

And urg'd a second time her fond request: 610

Ah! promise, deign thy nod, fear's not in thee

Or else refuse, heart-touching proof you slight

A Goddess least respected among Gods.

DEEPLY she sob'd, when cloud-compelling *Jove*

Answer'd, You urge me to a work most nice,

Pernicious, of great talk, of sore offence

To *Juno*, sure to raise reproachful words.

Contentious rasily midst th' immortal Gods

She'll cry, I'm partial still in war to *Troy*.

Haste then, retire, ere *Juno* spy thee here: 620

620. Haste then, retire, ere *Juno* spy thee here.]

μὴ γὰρ ὅπως Ἄν' ἢ τε νῆσται (vel percipiat) *Juno*, *for fear Juno spy thee here*. If we understand this circumstance otherwise than ironically, it lessens exceedingly the solemnity of the whole interview that has been kept up so long with marvellous dignity, on both sides. I make no scruple to pronounce these glancing words are to be taken in the same sense (if I may say so, with reverence understood) as that passage of *Genesis*: *And now lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live for ever*, Gen. iii. 22.

626. *Saturnius* spoke, and arch'd his sable brows.]

I must cite the master-piece original, wherein *Homer* seems to excel even himself:

Ἢ, καὶ κυάνησιν ἐν ὄφρσι νύξαι Κρονίῳ

Ἀμβρόσια δ' ἄρα χεῖται ἐκπρώτατο δαυλῷ,

Κρατὸς ἂν' ἀθανάτοιο μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξ Ὀλύμπῳ.

How sonorous and majestic! I wish every reader could enjoy them in the original, though that truly were to put an end to all versions.

The word ἐλέλιξ makes me see *Olympus* as it were whirling round with the violent concussion occasioned by *Jove's* tremendous nod.

I now refer the reader to *Pope's* ingenious note on the place, and his version of the elevated lines before us (all which I had cited, but that I suspect I have been too prolix in my own notes on this book already). But I cannot forbear observing *Scaliger's* partial answer to *Maccobius* in favour of *Virgil*, whom he would in vain exalt above his master *Homer*, savours of the greatest want of taste, agreeable to the leaves of the man. *Either they mock Phidias* (saith he), *or Phidias mocks us: Verily I suppose that he (Virgil) knew without Homer's help Jove could not want*

Yet

Yet stop, thy cares are mine, thy wish is wrought, b' you and

Take comfort, mark my nod: inform thy faith, alluring: I do

eye-brows or hair (as if a picture could be like without marking the features). Pope cites the above, but as he does not *English* it, I judged it too important not to be more universally known.

And now (after the curious reader has perused Pope's note and version, whose translation I suppose in almost every person's hand) I submit to every one endued with taste (for learning does not necessarily include taste, though it is pity they should ever be found *separate*), whether Pope himself has not dared to omit a material beauty, Homer's styling *Jove* the immortal king, which august title betokens a peculiar majesty, and is what constitutes his *sable eye-brows* venerable, as well as his *ambrosial locks*, the calling of which curls (as he does) is tricking up the sovereign of Olympus, like a powdered *beau* issuing forth from a barber's shop. But to make amends for uttering this truth, his *notes* are mostly judicious, often very necessary, and entertaining, which I should not be ashamed to cite freely, and with thanks for so prudent a collection, but that their being so well known makes it needless, and it is equally *superfluous* to point out the many *fine lines* of his own: for the reader mistakes me egregiously, if he imagines I am for decrying Pope as considered with other bards; meaning only to bring him to his proper level, when he is deviating from Homer, or substituting his own *licentiousness* in lieu of his text.

All the poets are fond after Homer of expressing *Jove's* nodding his pleasure to distinguish his supreme majesty. Virgil (still copying Homer, and nearest in excellence) displays its tremendous effects, in a passage sufficiently *backed* by citation:

Annuat, et totum nutu transfecit Olympum.

He nods, and shook all heaven by his nod.

I will subjoin another from the sublime Pindar. Nem. Od. v.

— *καὶ τὸν νύκτι*

ὀφρὺς ἐξ ἑσπέρης

Ζεὺς ἀθανάτων βασιλεύς.

Jove, the king of the immortals, who whirls about the clouds at his pleasure, nodded to him from heaven.

And Horace sings in a lofty strain, Carm. B. III. Od. i.

Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,

Clari giganteo triumpho,

Gemma supercilio moventis.

Jove lords it even over kings themselves, glorious for his triumph over the giants, moving all things (causing them to tremble) by the nodding of his brows.

And our *hemerican* Milton having his great ancestor bard in his eye, thus loftily speaks of the *one Almighty* (the *alone true God*), when purposing to make man, pro-

Among

Among th'immortals this my dreadest sign;
 For know, whene'er I nod it shall be done;
 My word irrevocable, faithful, sure.

625

nouncing his will; which receives an additional dignity in the mouth of *Beth-zabab*, testifying thereof. *Parad. Lost*, B. ii. 359.

— *so was his will*
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.

And elsewhere he says (speaking of the victorious son of God, B. vi. 833.

— *under his burning wheels*
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout.

And thus the Almighty before addresses him, 711,

Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heav'n's base —

Jupiter being styled by *Homer* here the immortal king, puts me mind of that sublime form of *doxology* to the one true God, now fully revealed, in *St. Paul's* First Epistle to *Timothy*. Τῷ δὲ βασιλεὶ τῶν αἰώνων ἀόρατῷ, *Ipsi autem regi seculorum incorruptibili*. In our translation: *Now unto the King, eternal, immortal*. Which may also be rendered, *Now to the King himself, of ages* (as the great God is styled in *Daniel*, by way of eminence, the ancient of days) *incorruptible* (though *immortal* answers better ἀθάνατος in *Homer*, yet both are the same in sense). But what follows conveys an idea of the divine ineffable majesty, as infinitely above the conceptions of *Homer*, as the *Christian* excels the *heathen theology*, which I cannot refrain from citing: ἀόρατος, μόνῳ σοφῷ Θεῷ τιμὴ καὶ δόξα αἰ τοῖς αἰώνας τῶν αἰώνων. *Amen. Invisible, soli sapienti Deo honor et gloria in secula seculorum. Amen. Invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.* (Or, as I have un-awares led myself into it, more fully, *throughout ages of ages, or throughout all ages, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen.*)

That single epithet ἀόρατος (*invisible*) imprints a wonderful idea of God's transcendent greatness, who in the same epistle is thus magnificently characterise, as essentially different from, and infinitely superior to, all other beings: ὁ μακάριος καὶ μόνος δυναστεύων, ὁ βασιλεὺς τῶν βασιλευμένων, καὶ Κύριος τῶν κυριουμένων, ὁ μόνος ἔχων ἀθανασίαν, ὧς οὐκ ἔστιν ἀπρόσιτος, δι' αἰῶνός ἐστις ἀμήραντον, αὐτὸς ἰδὼν δυνάστην. *Beatus et solus potens, Rex regnantium, et Dominus dominantium, Solus habens immortalitatem, lucem habitans inaccessibilem, quem vidit nullo hominum, nec videre potest: Who is the blessed, and only potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only both immortality, dwelling in the light, which no man can approach unto (inaccessible), whom no man hath seen, or can see,* 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.

I

SATUR-

SATURNIUS spoke, and arch'd his sable brows;
He nodded, while his full ambrosial locks
Shook o'er the head of the immortal king:

But perhaps it had been more to the purpose, to have referred the reader to that awful description in the *Revelation* of St. John (ch. xx. 11.) Καὶ ἵδον θρόνον λευκὸν μέγαν, καὶ τὸν καθήμενον ἐν αὐτῷ, καὶ ἀπὸ προσώπου ἱσχυέου καὶ γῆ καὶ οὐρανός καὶ ὅσα ἐν αὐτοῖς. Et vidi thronum candidum magnum, et sedentem super eum, cujus a conspectu fugit terra et coelum; et locus non est inventus eis. *And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them.*

I can scarce forbear citing that passage in *Rev.* iv. 2, 3. but I will content myself with hinting it only, and recommending it to you, to turn to it, and also to that sublime vision in *Daniel*, vii. 9, 10. and in *Rev.* i. 14, 15.

I may well now beg the candid reader's pardon for this *glaring digression* from my *heaven text*, for I would not *wean* him from looking into and admiring, in their *proper degree*, the *beauties of Homer*, as in the lofty image of *Jove* before us (whom this long note may have made him forget), having only improved this occasion to point out, in a principle of justice, the *far more transcendent beauties* to be found in *Holy Scripture*, which he ought to make his *heart's delight*, as the other the recreation of his *fancy*. Thus, "*To the pure all things are pure*," and any one may enjoy a rational pleasure in reading *Homer* as a *wise heathen* and *poet to amuse*, and yet *inwardly* be a *sound and steadfast Christian*; which implies the *translator's apology* (if it concerns me to offer one) for the present attempt, as a *relaxation* at long intervals from *more important studies*.

Truly it is a voluntary pleasing-difficult task I assigned myself. I can plead no importunity of *friends* that would needs *force* it on me, nor a *single soul* among the *great* to *countenance* me (which *desirable grace* I will never *beg*, though in ever such need, being valuable only when given *gratis*, and *properly*), nor amidst the infinite fry, do I boast *one critic* of my party, that has cherished the *blossom* of my *Muse*, that has for so many years been a *verse-bearer* in a manner *in secret*, without the advantage of being *pompously midwived* to the world; in all which points, my illustrious predecessor was more fortunate, who was espoused from the very beginning of *his laurel to bud* (whose blossom was perhaps *too soon* full blown to be of the *first flower* of *Parnassus*, notwithstanding it enjoyed so fine a *sun*; though it retains yet its native beauty according to its proper class), and who, as to the subject in question, had very *politely forestalled men's judgments* of his version, in having beforehand *insured himself* the *leading ones* that draw, as *they please* to open, the *public* *ary* after them. The setting out on this enterprize with such disadvantages (to be

Trembled

Trembled immense *Olympus* all around !
 Their conference past, they part; she headlong plung'd 630
 From bright *Olympus* in the sea profound;
Jove fought his proper dome. At once the Gods
 Rose from their seats in reverence to their fire;
 All rose, not one his coming durst await,
 But all stood up to meet his dread advance. 635

He rested kingly on his throne; but wroth
Juno, well conscious of the close debate,
 Held with the daughter of the old sea-sage,
 The silver-footed *Thetis*, ey'd him full,
 And galling thus reproach'd *Saturnian Jove*. 640

no further particular) has at intervals tempted me to lie still *dormant*, but I am at last weary of *burying* my talent in the earth; and thus I keep myself in countenance. If I fail, what wonder when others have failed before me, seeing there is yet owing to *Homer* that justice of a faithful version in *English*, which his immortal works are intitled to? In brief, the performance is wholly my own through the piece, perfectly new to the light; and, though I should esteem it my glory, the full crowning my ambition, to have the approbation of the knowing and judicious among the galaxy of both sexes, yet previously, as I am reduced to run the gantlet of persecuting *Aristarchs*, I desire only the grace of being heard at their higher bar of equity and clemency first.

638. — the daughter of the old sea-sage,

The silver-footed *Thetis*, —]

Ἀργυροπόδα Θέτις, θυγάτηρ αἰετοῦ γένους

Argenteos-pedes habens Thetis, filia marini senis: the daughter of sec. This sea-sage's name is not mentioned, but it is well known to be *Nereus*; but I add a note on this line (in the original very sonorous and full) as containing an epithet *αργυροπόδα*, *silver-footed*, peculiar to *Thetis*, (*Pindar*, however, applies it to *Venus*, *Pyth. Od. iii.*) which is become very familiar even in *English* to our ears; which however beautiful in the *Greek*, I can see no more reason, why it should at first have obtained than *πρόμας* *swift*, *swift-beel'd*, which I have hazarded in defiance of *Pope's* caution in his *Preface*, &c. which ought no more to offend modern delicacy duly weighed, than *silver-footed* applied to a *Sea-goddes*. (The epithet *swift-footed* (or *swift-beel'd*) applied to the son being not a jot, in the reason of things, a less eligi-

WHAT Goddess thus hath chain'd thee in debate?
 Insidious! it was ever joy to thee,
 Apart from us in private to resolve

ble one, than *silver-footed* given to the Goddess's mother, who might every whit be supposed *fair-complexioned* all over, throughout her delicate frame, as well as *Achilles* excel in *swiftness*, without specifying the foot only in either.

If *squeamish* critics have a mind to be merry, and insinuate with a *pedantic* gravity *wides words*, *swift-footed*, gives us the vulgar idea of a *footman* now-a-days, why may not I retort, and reply *silver-heeled* Goddess (or *silver-footed* the same thing) so often applied to *Thetis*, and grown familiar in *English*, imprints equally a *stagnant* idea of a *slipshod* Goddess, *silver-heeled*; or is, in fact, a more proper term for an horse with white legs (or *stockings*, as the jockeys phrase it), as gallant racers are named at this very day among us?

But I am sick of such pretended nice ones, of skirmishing with such shadows, and hope better of every true impartial critic (if such *rara avis*, *Phoenix* of a bird, now exists, he will take up the cudgels for me) not at all apprehensive, the unprejudiced reader, whose judgment is not yet corrupted (jaundiced) by forestalling *Januador*, will be otherwise than content, even desirous to see a faithful translation of almost the *eldest* writer whatever; although it is granted, some *few phrases*, as well as *notions*, however attempted and executed ever so well in *English*, can never be made to shine in our language, and to correspond with our tastes. Not that a truly masterly original in a weaker tongue can appear equally an original to a discerning *Aristotelian* eye in a translation thereof, though ever so happily accomplished is a better more expressive tongue than itself. For an original will still be an original, and have certain incommunicable graces. Some beauties will never be transfused entirely by whatever art. As the noon-day sun macks the vanity of the painter's colours. But notwithstanding this, even admitting the difficulty of rendering some phrases (*Few* in comparison of the many obvious beautiful ones, and pliable to be managed in a version), to substitute in lieu thereof epithets of a different tendency adapted to modern notions at pleasure, which are liable to vary in every age that comes after us, as they have appeared in different dresses in the times before us, according to the arbitrary whim of fashion, this would be, and has ever proved, a worse evil of the two, to any thinking critic zealous to preserve pure the original. It were to pass over a stile on the left hand to leave a suspicious place for a few yards in the plain road, at the expence of encountering less eligible, and greater difficulties in our new path, and at last losing our way. For, in *medio tutissimus ibis*, the middle path is the safest.

In brief, by such indirect means a translator loses (sacrifices) the air of the antique so essential to the venerable *Homer*.

Clandestine

OF THE ILIAD.

Clandestine counsels, never prompt t' impart
One word to me, determine what you please.

645

AWEFUL, the sire of men and Gods reply'd:

Juno, beseech thee! think not thou to scan
All my great counsels, far above thy reach,
Altho' my wife: what's fitting thee to learn,
Thou first of Gods and men be sure shalt know:
But what my will keeps secret from the Gods,
Ask me not that, nor do thou dare to pry.

650

JUNO, majestic rolling her large eyes,
Answer'd, What hast thou utter'd? most severe
Saturnius! never 'till this hour have I

655

Ought question'd, or ought pry'd; at rest for me
At pleasure you've consulted all your will.

But sore I dread at heart, you've been insnar'd,
Won by the daughter of the old sea-sage

The silver-footed *Thetis*, who this morn

660

Has sat it seems beside you, clasp'd your knees;

And much I fear you've yielded by your nod,

646. — the sire of men and Gods reply'd:]

This title, *πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε*, pater hominumque Deorumque, the sire of men and Gods, is the most godlike, as well as fatherly, appellation of honour and dignity ascribed to *Jove* the supreme God in the whole *Iliad*, conveying to the intelligent reader a higher idea of his majesty and concern withal for his creatures, than the more trite hackneyed epithet *νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς*, the cloud-compelling *Jove*, or even *αἰὲν ὑπερπαιδὴς*, the thunder-loving *Jove*. In the last view, we consider him in his terrors; in the first, in the most amiable light, no less venerable, as supposed the first cause of all things, as in propriety the sire of men and Gods implies, though we must not scan too deeply the vanities of the heathen theology.

12

Actilles

Achilles should be honour'd, but the *Greeks*
Perish in slaughter'd heaps around their ships.

STERN answer'd wroth the cloud-compelling *Jove*: 665
Detested! warp'd with doubts, you stand confess;
This shall not profit thee, the more estrang'd
Less pleasing to my soul; this worse will sting.
But grant it; know it gen'rates joy to me.
Sit down in silence, stoop to my command; 670
Lest, chance extending these resistless hands,
Not all *Olympus'* Gods can save thy fall.

He spoke; dread *Juno* rolling her large eyes
Agast, sat silent with bow'd heart submissive.
Thro'out *Jove's* dome the Gods celestial groan'd. 675

666. *Detested! warp'd with doubts,—*]

There is an unspeakable bitterness in the original word *Δαιμονία*, *detested!* not to be preserved in *English*; it is rendered by Dr. *Clark* *improba*, which may be answered by *villainous*. The phrase is capable both of a good and bad sense, often applied to the latter by *Homer* as notoriously it is *here*. Many a bold modern, that would not scruple to confound systems of theology, might perhaps reach it, if he would render it *devil!* which would sufficiently brand the turbulent virago of heaven by giving this *she d—l* (in modern *English*) *her dun*.

671. *Lest, chance extending these resistless hands,]*

Jove at last exerting his natural superiority and dignity with a necessary husband-like authority to silence the clamours of his turbulent consort (I leave the reader to see the moral, as his own humour or penetration directs him; being unwilling he should stick too close to the letter, which we are not however to depart from, but in cases of necessity). It puts me in mind of *Horace's* saying, *Carm. B. I. Od. xvi.*

— tremendo

Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Jove himself (in person) rushing lordly down with tremendous onset.

675. *Thro'out Jove's dome the Gods celestial groan'd.]*

Ἄσπετον δ' ἀνὰ δώμα Διὸς θεοὶ ἀπαιώνες

Throughout Jove's dome &c.

This line naturally resolves into *English*; but what I would observe here is, the extraordinary idea it raises in us of *Jupiter's* terrors (the late effect of his nod to *Vulcan*,

Vulcan, fam'd artist, now began t' harangue,

Thetis in shaking violently all Olympus round, being still so fresh in their minds), when the very Gods groan deeply on hearing this severe menace, glancing also on themselves, given the imperial queen of Heaven next in majesty to himself; insinuating the one supreme will admit no rival in government, when infinite wisdom ought to rule. Doubtless Jove had a tenfold unusual terror in his looks at this juncture, lightening forth in the indignant flesh of his eyes an unendurable glory, which thus over-whelmed and over-awed all the Gods; but certain of them having formerly rebelled in notorious instances, and experienced his superior prowess, might naturally in such dreadful crisis call to mind the irresistible force of his vengeance when thoroughly provoked to exert himself.

With respect to the so frequent *jarrings*, betwixt *Jove* and *Juno*, his unsufferable over-bearing confort (though I apprehend, as before cautioned, we ought not to philosophize too strictly concerning the fabulous Gods of the heathens, which is no way necessary, or fair in a poetical narration of transactions). I will not trouble the reader with the different opinions of commentators about them, but refer the inquisitive to *Pope's* recital of *ingenious conjectures* in his *notes* on such occasions, who has sufficiently handled the subject. I should have premised before, that, if the reader is disgusted at my styling *Juno* just above *dread* (*terrore*, in the *Greek*, veneranda, venerable or *dread*, on account of her own native majesty, who is there described notwithstanding *trembling*, and in no great flush of spirits to roll her large eyes with a graceful majesty, which is the characteristic of that Goddess at other times), my answer is, that *such epithet* is plainly repeated in the text, which truly appeared before with a more obvious propriety (for which reason I have added here *agast*, which may be naturally inferred from the circumstance). But to waive this; certainly it redounds more to *Jupiter's* super-excellent glory and honour, so to over-awe her (when constrained or urged by his wisdom to put her in mind of her inferiority), who was herself so transcendently majestic, when his own greatness came not in competition. For *Juno* herself, further on, moving on her throne, is represented as making *Olympus* tremble; implying plainly her majesty was never lessened, or her humour checked, but when she dared to disobey *Jupiter*. Her sitting down therefore in forced silence is the more remarkable, and *Jupiter's* victory the greater, as acknowledged on trial the undoubted Lord supreme.

676. *Vulcan, fam'd artist, now began t'harangue;* *Hisce autem Vulcanus inclytus-artifex incepit concionari; Vulcan, fam'd artist, &c.*

There is a very strong contrast between the *Gods* groaning in the solemn melancholy line above, and *Vulcan's* taking upon him *hars to boranque*, or bold forth. The *ἄρξ*, in the Greek, has a humorous chirping sound, being admirably placed in the verse to set it off. Homer plainly intended a change from the *grave* and *serious* the *fobbing Gods*, to the *pleasant* and *comic Vulcan*, who must be pert enough forsooth to

To

To gratify his mother held so dear;

Juno, majestic Goddess, snowy-arm'd.

DOUBTLESS the issue will most deadly prove.

Of fatal consequence, if ye thus strive

For mortal men, and wake among the Gods

Tumult; who then shall share the goodly feast

With pleasure, when the worst things thus succeed?

Sage as she is, my mother I advise,

To pay to *Jove* due defence my dear fire,

Left he fresh chiding all our feast confound.

For if *Olympius*, who the light'ning darts,

brattle; for the word *αγορεύω* seems here to hint as much, although it is elsewhere used as capable of a worthier sense, to hold forth, or harangue with authority and decorum, being applied to the *sage Nestor*, and *Homere's* speakers indifferently.

The swarthy-arm'd (black-smith God) *Vulcan*, though not specified here as such, yet such idea of this misshapen God will however naturally rise in the reader, is contrasted also to *Juno*, the snowy-armed Goddess in the following line; whose celebrated white arms therefore appear still whiter.

677. To gratify his mother held so dear,]

Thus *Hesiod*, in his *Theogony* of this so venerable Goddess's hopeful son:

Ἦεν δ' Ἡραίων κλυτὸν —

Γαῖατο —

Ἐκ πάντων εἴχηκεν κακισμὸν ἀνάντων. † 927.

But *Juno* brought forth the renowned *Vulcan*, who was all accomplished with respect to arts, far surpassing therein all the rest of the celestials.

685. To pay to *Jove* due defence my dear fire,]

Vulcan's character is plainly comic; he is mediator, and, with an air of familiarity, calls *Jupiter* and *Juno* his dear father and his dear mother, with an affected simplicity to create mirth among the celestials, who must needs smile to see him thus challenge his royal progenitors; as the court would smile to see a rustic booby shake by the hand his new-titled kinsman in gorgeous apparel in a king's mansion; or as a fine gentleman or lady would laugh at a country letter beginning with *Honoured Parents* and ending with *Your dutiful son till death*.

687. For if *Olympius*, who the light'ning darts,]

Ὀλύμπιος — προσηγορία, *Olympius fulminator vel fulgurator, who the lightning darts,*
Please

Please from our mansions down to hurl us all,
By far the strongest, mightiest is he!
But haste to sooth him with persuasive words,
So shall th' Olympian thund'ring stand appeas'd.

He said, and rising with a jink presents
The double bowl to his dear mother's hand.

Then cries, my mother! bear thou and endure,

is a very awful epithet of *Zeus*, presenting a terrible idea of his power. *Pindar*, thus may be said to explain this epithet when he writes, Nem. O. 6. 11.

— Κρονίου

ἀστροπαύον ἰδελί-

Εἰς —

Saturnius fulgur quatiens, *Saturnius brandishing his lightning (or bolt)*,
Pindar, who has many of *Homer's* grand compound epithets, begins one of his sublime Odes thus:

Ελαττο ὑπέρτατα θεῶν

ἀνναυτοπόδο

Ζεῦ —

Ol. O. 4. 12.

Vibrator altissime tonitrus, qui est *pedibus instigabilis*. *Jupiter!* — *O Zeus!* thou most lofty brandisher of the thunder — that is of an unwearied foot, i. e. unwearied in it's course; which last epithet (though it does not kindly resolve itself into English) seems to represent some being solemnly walking along the heavens, while the sulphureous clouds rend, and burst under the ponderous tread of his feet; in familiar English, sublimely alluding to the thunderbolt unwearied rolling awfully along the skies. Which reminds me of that tremendous passage in *Milton*:

— the thunder when to roll

With terror thro' the dark aerial hall.

B. x. 666.

I beg pardon for this digression.

692. He said, and rising with a jink presents

The double bowl —

Ὡς δὲ ἴσθι, καὶ ἀναίτας, δῖος ἀνναυτοπόδου

He said, and &c.

The original line very happily figures out by the hopping bound in the *Mare* the awkward haste of the cripple God, whose double bowl it seems had a contrary virtue to the cup of *Circe*, that made men baffle by drinking it (implying the all effects of excess); whereas this restored the Gods, who were degenerating into mere mortals, as we may say, by the sallies of their anger, to good humour and fellowship.

As to this wonderful double bowl, thus *Dr. Clarke*, in his note. *P. Viliam*,

692. I

Tho'

THE FIRST BOOK

Tho' great thy anguish; lest perchance these eyes
 Dear as thou art, are witness to thy stripes;
 When late I'd help, all aidless, griev'd in vain.
 Who can resist Olympian? worse oppos'd.
 Once plotting, studious elsewhere to assist,
 Me hath he tumbled, seizing by the foot,
 Down from the heav'nly threshold, headlong down;
 All day I whirl'd, and with the setting sun
 Drop'd upon Lemnos: life was almost fled:
 The *Sinthians* there up-rear'd me on my fall.

He said; the Goddess *Juno* snowy-arm'd
 Smil'd pleasant, and with *limb* extends her hand

Varior. Lat. lib. xxxiv. c. 22. shews learnedly from Aristotle, that this bowl was double, with a bottom in its middle part common to either bowl, turned either upwards or downwards. Which Eustathius also has remarked. Others understand thereby a bowl with two handles.

702. *All day I whirl'd, and with the setting sun*
Drop'd upon Lemnos;
Milton, in his Paradise Lost, seems to have had this passage in his eye, when he thus speaks of Satan battling against, and weathering out most stupendous, almost inconceivable difficulties in his laborious search after Paradise: all unawares

Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathoms deep: and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not — B. ii. 932.

But, in the First Book, he expressly alludes to it:

Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Drop'd from the Zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle — 740.

705. — the Goddess *Juno* snowy-arm'd
 Smil'd pleasant, and with smile —

It is granted to *Pope*, that there is a peculiar propriety in the epithet *Amabile*.
 And

And takes the bowl. He now enjoy'd to see
Deep-drinking from the goblet freely quaff'd;
And from the right hand round to all the Gods
Pour'd the sweet Nectar; the blest Gods amaz'd!

710

Laugh'd a loud laughter un-exing with a round,
Pleas'd to see Vulcan limping thro' the dome.

white, or snowy arm'd, in the antient Juno is described in of extending her arm; but I imagine this will not justify his omission to use it before, as being often in the text; which remark will hold of any other characteristic epithet; no essential allusion whatever, in compliance with modern taste, being sufficient to satisfy such criticisms.

The repetition in the original is very beautiful:

Ποσειδών, Ἰούλιον, Ἄρην, Ἑρμῆν, Ἄφροδίτην, Ἄϊον, Ἄντιον, Ἄντιον, Ἄντιον.

Μινωτάωρον.

— Risit autem Des cunctis ubi habens Juno

Subridensque

— The Goddess Jove snowy arm'd:

Smil'd pleasant, and with spirit—

The generous-spirited reader must be highly pleased to see the happy effect of Vulcan's cordial bowl, already operating in so much good humour, as to beget smiles upon smiles; which might possibly give birth to *Hercules' Duke ridens Lulagis*, his sister smiling Lulagis, the queen of Olympus's countenance being now composed to a calm aspect, the fair beams of whose brow was lately so vexed by the impact of wrath (that enemy to beauty); inasmuch, that it was very near applying to the celestials themselves (and the sovereign couple too) that passage in *Ætæpida*:

Οὐδὲ γὰρ Σπάρτην ταῖς ῥογαῖς ἀπαλάσσει,

Οὐδὲ Πύλον, ἀλλὰ καὶ Ἄργεον ἀφύσσει.

Here, furens, &c. 315.

There is none among mortal men uninjured by fortune (or some unhappiness), no now among the Gods, if the words of poets do not belie them (perhaps granting at this passage, as well as in what there follows concerning incestuous marriages).

But now we may exclaim in the words just before (to be understood in a good sense):

Χορεύει γὰρ Ζεὺς, ἡ ἑλάνη δὲ Πάριον.

Ἐποιοῦσ' Ὀλύμπου Ζηνὸς ἀπλόαν ῥοδόν.

Now let the illustrious consort of Jove dance, and cause the pavement (the heaven) of Olympian Jove to ring again with her sandals, footing it so dextrously. For Jove and she are now reconciled, and in perfect harmony, through Vulcan's mediation.

712. Pleas'd to see Vulcan limping thro' the dome.]

Ὡς ἴδον Ἡρακλῆος διὰ δὲ Πάριον ποσειδῶνα.

Ut viderunt Vulcanum per sedes ministrantem.

K

THUS

Thus all day feasting to the setting sun,
 Their joyous souls their equal dainties shar'd;
 Nor fail'd the while Apollo on his harp

715

ωωνυόελα, playing the cup-bearer, but doing his part very lamely. The numbers of this verse are wonderful, as it were painting the thing itself before our eyes. (Dr. Clarke.)

I may enlarge on the hint, and add, there is a peculiar emphasis in the word *Ἥφαιστος* (Vulcan), as placed in the verse; and the *διὰ δαμάλα*, throughout the dome, represents the great time such a hobbling cup-bearer must necessarily be about his new office, which tended to lengthen out the laughter of the Gods, who might well be diverted at his awkward grace and unsightly carriage. And the inimitable word *ωωνυόελα*, by its very sound paints before our eyes his limping gait, and uncouth grimaces, that we never wonder the Gods (delineated after the manner of men) set up a loud laughing, as we say, without ceasing. The original there also wonderfully describing it:

Ἀέει· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἰνύσθ' ὕδατος πανάπειρος ὄνειρεν,
 Immensus (inextinguibilis potius) excitatus est risus beatis Diis,
 Laugh'd a loud laughter unextinguish'd round.

Notwithstanding the severity of *Plato* censures this laughter as unseemly in the Gods (as Dr. Clarke takes notice of, who barely cites the passage) being far from approving it even in men who have any regard for the character of wisdom; yet in defiance of this here so morose magisterial philosopher the great *Plato* (otherwise on the whole so divine a moralist), I presume to remind the Christian reader (with reverence be it said), that in the sublimest of all books, in propriety of speech, the alone truly divine throughout; sometimes, in condescension to human infirmities, even the infinite being, the one supreme and only God, is occasionally thus represented, though in a less degree, in a qualified sense—I will laugh at your calamity, Prov. i. 26. He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn (or, He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh) Ps. ii. 4.

715: — Apollo on his harp]

I believe the reader is delighted, and himself enjoys the happy effect of *Vulcan's* playing (aping) the office of *Ganymede* (the moral shewing how mirth and good humour often prevail over jars and heats in society), and every one must here acknowledge, with what infinite propriety *Apollo* is introduced playing on his harp, accompanied by the *Muses* singing in parts in a heavenly concert; demonstrating the power true music has over the Passions; which is implied here, as supposed to restore even to the Gods their wonted tranquillity, and making them better enjoy (as a great part itself of) their everlasting blessedness. How applicable here is that noble stanza of *Horace*!

O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi

Grata testudo Jovis, O laborum

Dulce lenimen.

Carm. lib. I. od. xxxii.

Most

Most beauteous to play heav'nly, and around
The *Muses* sung altern with melting voice.

O harp! thou glory of *Phœbus*, and so grateful at the conquests of the supreme *Jove*, thou
sweet soother of all our toils!

Or, that passage of *Milton*, in the third book of *Paradise Lost*: § 344.

— all.
The multitude of angels with a shout
(Loud, as from numbers without number; sweet
As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions.

Or, what soon after follows,

— their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd —

No voice exempt, no voice but well could join

Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n! § 381.

And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps (which I cited before), *Riv.*
xiv. 2. The reader may here image to himself *David's* playing on the harp before king
Saul, and the marvelous effects of that right hand so cunning in music, whereby he
dispossessed the evil spirit: (of a settled melancholy) by the sprightly strokes of his
celestial harmony.

Certainly music may be well deemed a divine art, and as such it cannot be too
much honoured (I had like to have said, *præstis'd*). As an humble admirer of it my-
self in all its branches, I congratulate the present age for having such an universal
taste; or even passion for music (as is most notorious among the politer sort, the af-
fluent and well bred), as being most delectable in itself, and a rational amusement,
tending so admirably to compose and regulate the passions; witness, among such
excellent choice, *Dryden's Alexander's feast*, that acknowledged master-piece in its
kind, representing its supposed influence even on *Alexander the Great* (by the way,
no less an admirer of *Homer's* poetry), so inimitably writ, and so inimitably withal set
to music by the late divine *Handel* of everlasting remembrance.

However (excuse my warmth on this head), I am so enchanted, when I read
Homer's verses, and so enjoy their full and varied harmony (so sonorous and musical
is the ductile *Greek* in such hands), that I cannot conceive (supposing it real) *Apollon*,
accompanied by the nine *Muses* in form, could have furnished out even for the ear of
Jove, and the Gods, a more exquisite feast both to the ear and soul.

I may here exclaim in that fragment of *Anacreon*:

Euge! Museynê, Musevdrup' Opag'.

Well done, Thou *Muse-begotten*, father of the *Muses* (rather) *Homer*! Or in that
verse of *Theocritus*, as considering *Homer* compared with other bards (though put

OF THE ILLIAD

There mounted, he reclin'd : and fast beside

Lay Juno, glorious for her golden throne.

men, and therefore a mighty God, intimating, either through his power, or craft, all were obnoxious to his power; 233 of the *Odyssey* (Book III) her graces with the help of the *Cyclops of Phœbus*, by such policy she made him, during which slumber she makes him smart for his *thus nodding*, and information thereof, taking the advantage to turn the scale in favour of her *Odysseus*. This reminds us of what a *sleeping beauty* suffered from a fall of *Paris*, but her mortification was only momentary. He was not scorn of his strength, though he *nodded through life*. What strange contradictions in the *Illiad*!

Last line. *Lay Juno, glorious for her golden throne.*

— aureum folium, vel thronum, habem Juno.

— Juno gloriosa for her golden throne.

This royal epithet to Juno is used by Pindar:

— χρυσόθρονον

"Hera —

whom he styles, immediately after, the queen of the Gods,

— Ἡὴν βασίλεια.

Nem. Od. i.

And Euripides has a similar phrase to our purpose:

"Ἡ δὲ χρυσόθρονος Ἥρα.

Διὸς ὑπερκαλίσματα, σιμῶν Ἥρα.

Et in aureis thronis Jovis venerandus complexus Juno. Juno, the venerable embrace of Jove, glorious for gold thronus.

It is an old remark, that this is the only book in the *Iliad* without a simile. The same is said also of the first book of the *Odyssey*. However (softly be it whisper'd), in strictness there is something like one in this first book of the *Iliad*, in *Thetis's* being said to rise out of the sea, as a mist (ὡς ἐμίχλα, velut nebula); and also there is somewhat like one in the first book of the *Odyssey*, where *Pallas* vanishing from *Telemachus* is represented springing up as a bird:

"Ὀρνις ὧς ἀνέκταντα διέπλετο" 320.

Avis autem, ut sublimipeta (*anopaa*), avolavit (avis ex aquilarum genere, a kind of eagle). But I lay no stress on such errors, if they are errors, for their meaning plainly is (of such who made the above observation, that there is no simile at length, fully drawn out to illustrate things, as *Homer's* similes generally are, being very particular withal, and as finished as any part of his poems.

I agree with *Pope* it had not been less entertaining to the reader, had *Homer* abounded here with similes in this first book, as *Virgil* does in his first *Æneid* (and I may add our *Milton*, who so remarkably sows such poetic pearls in his first book

THE TEST BOOK

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11.7.19

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